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A Literary Supplement will appear with the SATURDAY REVIEW of 15 July.

NOTES.

The bare truth about the Transvaal crisis is that since the Bloemfontein Conference Her Majesty's Government has had no communication whatever with the Government of the South African Republic, either through Mr. Greene, Sir Alfred Milner, or the Colonial Office. No telegram has been received in Downing Street from Pretoria or Cape Town, and therefore all the statements about fresh concessions on the franchise are based on rumours, which may or may not turn out to be true. Mr. Fischer undertook his so-called mission on his own initiative, and as the friend of both parties. We hope that he has succeeded in persuading Mr. Kruger to make his franchise law retrospective, though even that would be very far from a settlement of the whole question. But when a great many people wish that a thing were true, it is generally safer to believe that it is untrue.

Until Mr. Chamberlain made his speech at Birmingham on the Transvaal, his popularity had unquestionably suffered, both in the House of Commons and in the country. People did not quite see why we should go to war with the Boers, and they accused Mr. Chamberlain in their own minds and to one another of needlessly aggravating the situation. But Mr. Chamberlain's speech has changed all that, and has increased his reputation more than anything he has said or done since he has been in office. It was an educating speech, which gave a masterly history of our unhappy relations with the Transvaal during the last twenty years. It has opened the eyes of the public more than Sir Alfred Milner's despatch, though whether it will perform the same operation for Mr. Kruger remains to be seen. It gave a clear and bold declaration of the policy of a united Cabinet, which is to support Sir Alfred Milner through thick and thin. If public men only knew what an immense effect is produced by clear ideas and the courageous expression of them!

In France all eyes are turned on Rennes. Journalists hasten thither, and artists. Idlers invade the once peaceful little town, hoping to see a "row;" anarchists arrive; the timid fear. Hotels and cafés are thronged; it costs twenty-francs a day to hire a single, simple room. Everyone exchanges views in the streets, except, of

course, the officers and soldiers quartered in the town, who have been forbidden to speak of the court martial and may not enter the cafés and hotels. Whereas only thirty places were reserved for the Press at the Cour de Cassation, three hundred have been allotted at Rennes and three hundred cards that permit the bearer to telegraph from a special bureau and to "circulate" as he pleases. Rumours of the arrival of the "Sfax" startle journalists all day; at Brest, many watch the sea all night.

M. Casimir-Périer is shortly expected at Rennes, and Maître Labori. Madame Dreyfus' baggage arrived last Monday and was taken by night to her temporary abode: not an hotel, for every one refused to receive her, but to the private home of Madame Godard, an aged Protestant lady. With true consideration, she offered to give up her whole house, but Madame Dreyfus refused to accept her generous hospitality unless she consented to remain. Of course Madame Godard will be calumniated and insulted by the anti-Dreyfusard press for her kindly act. She may expect to hear her ancestors libelled and scandals (that never occurred) exposed. Already the reporter of the "Journal" has started the attack by declaring that Madame Godard keeps the coffin and body of her late husband in her cellar! Still the Jeunesse of Rennes will, if necessary, protect her door. It has formed a guard of honour, and on Wednesday sent flowers and other tributes of sympathy and admiration to greet Madame Dreyfus when she arrived. No sooner did she step from the train than a crowd of journalists surrounded her. It is refreshing to hear that many of them refrained from speaking to her, and that all removed their hats.

Twelve months have elapsed since M. Mirman, deputy and ex-soldier, called upon the Chamber to vote the "affichage" of M. Cavaignac's famous speech against Captain Dreyfus in the 36,000 communes. MM. Brisson and Méline abstained from voting; but 507 deputies enthusiastically agreed. Soon, bill-posters were seen about, posting M. Cavaignac's oration and Colonel Henry's forgeries on every wall, pleasing M. Rochefort and others, who pointed proudly at these "convincing proofs." Weeks passed; Colonel Henry confessed, M. Cavaignac resigned, but his speech was to be seen in corners still. Three weeks ago another "affichage" was ordered—the verdict of the Cour de Cassation, under M. Dupuy. M. Rochefort and others rejoiced no more, bullied, raved. Among others "patriots," provincial mayors protested—more than forty of them—and declining ultimately to give

place to the Cour de Cassation's report on their public walls, were promptly suspended from their functions for a month. To-day, the ineffable flowers of the "Jeunesse Royaliste" amuse themselves by pulling down the posters at night, while others relieve their "patriotic" feelings by splashing them with mud.

The German Emperor has taken the crushing defeat of his "Penal Servitude Strike Bill" in the Reichstag very quietly, but possibly he is thinking all the more because he says so little. The idea of treating labour disputes much as if they were akin to mutiny in the army was characteristic, but it showed a painful lack of knowledge of the realities of the labour question, and the only result of the Emperor's attempt to carry into effect his Oeynhausen speech has been to supply the Socialists with fresh ammunition. We have no idea of making little of the peril involved in these constant industrial struggles: they are well worth the attention of sovereigns and statesmen, but the attempt to settle them by penalising one side was ridiculous. The success of German competition in the world's market has been due in part no doubt to skill and education, but also to a very large degree to the fact that the German works for longer hours and less pay than the Englishman. The natural tendency in such matters is towards equalisation and against that tendency even emperors fight in vain.

It is not likely that the acquisition of the Caroline Islands will do much to distract attention from the failures of German home policy. German subjects display no overpowering desire either to settle in or to trade with German colonies: they prefer to go to India, to Australia or to America where Englishmen have made straight the way for them. East Africa and South-West Africa constitute a hopeless drag on the German Treasury, and New Guinea, the Bismarck Archipelago and the Marshall Islands are not much better. Togoland and the Cameroons are simply custom houses and attract no settlers. The fact is, as M. Hanotaux has been pointing out to a correspondent in a very interesting letter published in a Bordeaux newspaper, the Frenchman or the German is very much better off just now in a British colony than anywhere else in the world, and although it is true within limits that trade follows the flag, it is quite useless to stick up the flag in some unattractive region and imagine that settlers will follow it simply because it is the flag.

It is in Asia Minor that Germany will find her India if she is ever to find it. England might have had the development of that splendid country but for our political and diplomatic perversity, and Germany has entered into our heritage. The railway through Diarbekr and Bagdad to the Persian Gulf is practically in Germany's pocket, and the cries of wrath that are resounding through the Russian press only serve to call attention to the fact that for once St. Petersburg has been too late. The strategic railway Tiflis-Alexandropol-Kars is near completion, and the branch via Erivan to the Persian frontier will be finished in a couple of years, but these lines, important though they are for the future of Armenia and Persia, cannot thwart the German parallel advance in the South. And with Germany installed as military adviser and drill-sergeant from Constantinople to Bagdad, Turkey may in the future show surprising vitality for a sick man.

Scandal succeeds scandal in Italy to-day as surely as ever Amurath to Amurath in Turkey. Now it is not a point of politics or of ministerial honour, but a case of maladministration in a museum of Etruscan antiquities, which seems to show that Italian officials are utterly incapable of performing the simplest duty in any walk of life. In deference to the attacks of a famous German professor, a Government commission has been laboriously inquiring into the affair of the museum, and we now learn that most of the Etruscan tombs set out there are incorrectly described; that much of the delicate work of excavation was entrusted to a small boy without either knowledge or supervision; and that in some cases contributions from different tombs have been hastily huddled together and labelled as possessing a common origin. It is difficult for any-

one who considers the interests of science to refrain from severe strictures upon the loss which has thus wantonly and ignorantly been inflicted upon Italian archaeology. Instead of appreciating this, however, the commission has gone out of its way to taunt the exponent of the scandal with ingratitude for the hospitality which permitted him to pay for his board and lodging in Italy.

As we indicated last week, the Newfoundland question, though for the moment in the background, will not sleep for long and will have to be faced and settled. During the past few days events have borne out that view. Though any friction between the French and English admirals is denied, it is quite clear that the disputes between the Colonials and the French fishermen on the banks about the eternal bait question are as keen as ever. The French indeed have been acting with a very high hand and have evidently violated the Colonial Bait Laws. This legislation, which has been adopted by Newfoundland as the only means of protecting itself against the bounty system which enables the French to undersell it in the fish markets of Europe, is vital to the interests of the colony, whose staple industry that system bids fair to ruin, as it has ruined the sugar industry in the West Indies.

Conflicts between European soldiers and natives in India are a recurring trouble to the authorities and a fruitful source of race irritation. More often than not there are faults on both sides and the true facts are concealed by concerted falsehood all round, in which Mr. Atkins makes an excellent second to Ram Buksh. Ordinarily these affrays occur between shooting parties of soldiers and the villagers whose half-tame peafowl they pursue. Such cases as that recently reported from Rangoon—a brutal outrage on a Burmese woman by a drunken party of the West Kent Regiment—are fortunately of very rare occurrence. The initial failure of justice was deplorable on every ground and the further inquiries, which now promise some success, cannot rest till the wrong has been righted. It is much more than the credit of a regiment that is at stake.

It is a sign of the times that the question of making its European officials acquire more personal popularity is said to be engaging the attention of the Government of India. This is a question on which a good deal of nonsense is talked. The officials are pretty much what they have always been and no orders of Government will add a fraction of a cubit to their qualifications for winning the confidence of the people. The difficulty is that they have to administer a system and control a society which is steadily departing further and further from the patriarchal conception of native rule. How, for instance, is a district officer to be popular with people on whom he has to impose rules of sanitation which they detest, or for whom he has to open doors of advancement by which those chiefly enter whom they esteem least worthy of entrance?

Sir Guilford Molesworth's report on the Uganda Railway sheds little light on the matters about which the British public are justly anxious. Nobody really doubted that the men on the spot were doing their best in face of unexpected difficulties, nor did anybody expect that this railway would form an exception to all other railways by being completed within the limits of time and cost originally laid down. But, after all, surveyors and engineers should make some approach to accuracy, and when we find, at a date at which the whole railway should have been finished, that one third of the distance has not been covered, that an experienced engineer like Sir Guilford Molesworth still declines to make any estimate of ultimate cost or date of completion, and that he foresees still greater difficulties than those already encountered, we can only think of Panama. The fact seems to be that our engineers have run into the "Great Rift," and are face to face with an escarpment as high as Snowdon and MacGillivuddy's Reeks piled one on top of the other, and that they have the vaguest ideas as to how they are to get over it.

Undue concern for vested interests can no longer be said to influence the Government in the matter of the

Pacific Cable. Sir Michael Hicks-Beach and Mr. Chamberlain make it clear indeed that Ministers regard the fears of the companies as unreasonable, and Lord Tweedmouth is not the man to induce them to reconsider their view. His contention that the corporation he represents do not enjoy a monopoly is a little too transparent even for a special pleader. Nor can they claim either that they have been badly treated or that they have served the Imperial Government with unfailing success. As Mr. Chamberlain reminded Lord Tweedmouth, their lines have a habit of breaking down at the most critical moments. What is merely a hitch in peace-time might prove a calamity in war-time. The Pacific Cable is essential if only as an alternative, and the only condition on which it can be built is that the Imperial authorities become part-proprietors.

Colonel von Schwarzhoff's speech at the Peace Conference should make us look in the face some contingencies we prefer to shirk. Germany owes her existence and her security to her military system. Considering the increasing difficulties we have in obtaining recruits, it is hard to see any other eventual solution of the question—if we are to maintain our place among nations—than the introduction of a modified form of conscription. That dreaded spectre is after all not such a very terrible one to contemplate. It would probably raise the tone of a large section of the people both mentally and physically, and it would transform many slouching and unmannerly loafers into well-set-up young men. Trade too—judging from the German example—need not necessarily suffer thereby in the total.

As the Prevention of Corruption Bill leaves the House of Lords the original form of it has not been very much altered; and the alterations have the effect of somewhat modifying its stringency. The preamble reciting the corruption of our age, which the Lord Chancellor mildly deprecated, has disappeared; he moreover being of opinion, as was also Lord Russell himself, that preambles in Acts of Parliament are antiquated and, less than useful, sometimes mischievous. A new clause repairs the curious drafting which declared giving secret advice for the benefit of a third person for reward a corrupt action yet without making it an offence. Punishment of first offenders may now be postponed in suitable cases and release ordered on recognisance until they may be called to come up for judgment. But the most important change is that prosecutions are not to be begun without the leave of a judge of the High Court, or the attorney-general, or a judge of a county court with bankruptcy jurisdiction. Some restriction was desirable, and this seems a reasonable safeguard against frivolous or malicious proceedings.

No one can have been surprised that the House of Lords made such short work of Lord Carrington's proposal with regard to Welsh agrarian legislation. The voluminous report of the Commission over which his lordship presided was at the time of its appearance somewhat cruelly described as a bad history of the world. This was unjust as to its matter (so far as the latter was irrelevant to its objects), for the Commissioners did succeed in the course of its peregrinations in extracting some interesting information concerning Welsh archaeology and Welsh natural history. As a basis for legislation the report is vitiated by the fact that it was the blind leading of the blind. The Commissioners made two mistakes. In the first place, instead of confining their inquiries to practical agriculturists, landlords or tenants, they allowed every busybody in the Principality to advertise him or herself. In the second place they took the late Mr. T. E. Ellis, M.P. as a serious agriculturist and economist, and largely based their report on his evidence. There is no real call for an Irish Land Act in Wales; and what land hunger exists there arises mainly from the unscrupulous competition of the tenants among themselves.

It was characteristic of the London County Council to spend its time last Tuesday in discussing not whether the Westminster Improvement Scheme was a good one, but whether the Council should decline to carry it out

until Parliament had taxed ground values. Upon this question the Progressive party were hopelessly divided. The majority, influenced by what Mr. John Burns, who is a Progressive and ought to know, described as "narrow prejudice and vestry ideas," were in favour of adopting, to quote the same authority, "the narrow obscurantist view to satisfy the Metropolitan Radical Federation." Happily, however, a minority joined with the Moderates in insisting that the improvement should be considered on its merits. And the latter got their way. For once, and we record the wonder with unfeigned satisfaction, the Moderates made use of an opportunity.

It will be interesting to hear what the chairman of the Asylums Committee may have to say in excuse of the cost of the Bexley Asylum. In 1894 the council agreed on the representation of the committee to allow £300,000, which afterwards was increased to £350,000. It now appears that the cost will amount to £420,000, the committee asking for a further sum of £70,000. The committee think the total cost per bed, £252, "a satisfactory sum."

The double vacancy at Oldham caused by the death of Mr. Ascroft and the retirement of Mr. Oswald will give rise to a very interesting contest. Whether the "Owdam chaps" will like the combination of Mr. Mawdsley and Mr. Winston Spencer Churchill remains to be seen. Mr. Mawdsley is a veteran Trade-Unionist, with Tory-socialist views, and it is not certain whether he will secure the undivided support of the Conservative employers of labour in the borough. Mr. Winston Churchill is young in years, but curiously old in his ideas about himself. Like his father he does not shirk work, but like Lord Randolph he is not gifted with patience, and is convinced that for certain mortals there is a short cut to the skies. Mr. Churchill writes even better than he speaks, which is saying a good deal, and whatever the result of his first contest, it will be a valuable "baptism of fire."

Radical journalists think they have hit upon a wonderfully clever phrase in describing Mr. Mawdsley as squaring his Toryism with Socialism. In its superficiality and latent ignorance it is typically a journalist's phrase. That there is a common social denominator for Socialism and Toryism, we should say only Radical journalists did not know. Whether Mr. Mawdsley secures the Socialist vote or not depends on the amount of practical reason they apply to matters in the present. Unless they are hopelessly "irreconcilable" they must feel that it is only a statement of mere fact to say with Mr. Mawdsley that several generations at least must elapse before the present relations of employer and employed cease to be individualist. If their choice is to lie between a Liberal and a Tory candidate with Mr. Mawdsley's labour record, in what conceivable way will they advance their fundamental objects by rejecting the man whose idea is the more closely allied to their own?

The Ulster Orangemen are very indignant with Mr. Balfour for indicating "ignorance" and "prejudice" as the chief obstacles that stand in the way of any improvement in the admittedly "wretched condition of higher education in Ireland," but it would have been difficult for any disinterested listener to Friday's debate in last week to come to any other conclusion than that Mr. Balfour was right. His speech was perhaps the ablest and most convincing of the long series that he has delivered on this vital question, and he was supported in two unexpectedly impressive speeches (speeches which deserved a better audience) by Mr. Yerburgh, a young English Tory, and Mr. Sharpe, an old Irish Conservative. And what had we in opposition? A series of railing speeches about what Mr. Channing called "the bigotry, narrowness, and intolerance of the Roman Catholic priests." We could not deny that Irish Roman Catholic priests have in many respects followed the unfortunate example set them by the Irish Protestant Church, but does it never occur to the "No Popery" orators that a little fair play and generosity might be the best corrective for narrowness and bigotry?

The Bishop of London is a philosopher and a humourist: and both characters were apparent when he introduced into the more normal circumstances of a garden-party at Fulham Palace an interesting speech on Church Defence. Unhappily zeal is rarely linked with philosophy, and never with humour. To thoughtful men to whom questions of Church government are largely matters of expediency, Dr. Creighton's appeal to the actual conditions under which the English Church came to be constituted as it is will be helpful and welcome: but what of those who regard the least details of the ecclesiastical system as divinely ordered in such sense as to be beyond the profane touch of the State? According to such, the clever and learned Bishop only certifies his hopeless Erastianism.

The unveiling of a statue to Tom Hughes at Rugby seems to put back the hands of the clock a good many hours. It recalls the days when "Tom Brown's Schooldays" was being devoured by everybody, old and young alike, and when Rugby under Arnold was the greatest of our public schools. But fashions change in novels and in public schools, "other times, other manners," and it has to be said that Arnold, Hughes, and Rugby are to-day the shadows of great names. Mr. Hughes succeeded in getting elected for Lambeth when London had only twenty members, but he did not make any mark in the House. Though a Q.C. he never had a large practice at the Bar, and wisely took a very pleasant county-court judgeship at Chester. But Judge Hughes was always "Tom" Hughes, the same warm-hearted friend, with strong opinions about life leaning towards Puritanism, and a great admirer of muscular Christianity. It is an extinct, but laudable, type.

The Lords have beaten the ladies—a feat of gallantry of which they may be less proud than of beating Lord Salisbury. What a pity they could not display a similar independence and make a precedent for this remarkable achievement, when the Government were urging surrender last year on the vaccination question! But then it was only a principle they were asked to surrender—this time it was a privilege—the privilege of their sex. It does not say much for the joint intelligence of the two Houses that they overlooked the most valid of all arguments against the admission of women to public bodies representing single-member constituencies, that it might keep good men from coming forward; for unquestionably there are many men who would not care to fight a lady—even at the poll.

It could not be expected that the ladies of the International Congress would do other than use some strong language, both privately and publicly, about the House of Lords. Certainly, it was not a happy send-off for their proceedings, nor would their indignation be softened by any sense of the humour of the thing—it would hardly strike them in that light, though it might others. However, impotent wrath has not at all been the dominant note of the meetings of the Women's Congress, where many very sensible things have been said. Time has not been wasted in idle discussion of the general question whether women are equal to men, or perhaps in the connexion we should say, whether men are equal to women. Notably the Education Section, as might be looked for, showed a grip of the real problems to be solved quite unusual. One of their dicta may safely be commended to the managers of our elementary schools: "Specialisation is altogether to be deprecated in primary education in the interests of progress."

For sublime impertinence, surely Mr. Whiteley, the member for Stockport, may challenge the world. Here is a man, who shrunk from no device fair or unfair, who spared no pains and thought no exertion too great to obstruct, on the off-chance of defeating, the Half-Timers Bill, a measure which affects the interests of working people more nearly and more deeply than any amount of ordinary "working-class legislation," now deserting the Government and the Tory party because, he says, it does so little for the working classes! This is mere brazen effrontery and we cannot regret that its author should relieve the Tories of his presence. We wish Mr. Robson joy of his party's new recruit.

THE WAR STRENGTH OF THE BOERS.

THE examination of a neighbour's position is always interesting: it is the constant occupation of French and German officers: and it does not imply necessarily any intention of going to war with him. Some of our contemporaries are showing a tendency to make capital, or rather copy, out of the armed strength of the Transvaal. We do not desire to commit the fatal error of undervaluing potential opponents, but neither are we content to see the public scared by luridly painted and imaginary pictures. No one, least of all ourselves, would rush into another Boer war as the French did into the débâcle of 1870; but there is no reason why we should not have confidence in more than the justice of our cause. Sir Pomeroy Colley not only underrated the armament of the burghers but he failed to grasp the latent military spirit which they possessed. That, broadly speaking, was the main cause of his disasters; to which may be added faults both in strategy and tactics, and a certain want of training exhibited by our infantry and artillery. The Boers proved themselves first-rate marksmen, while our guns and rifles shot badly. Individually a British soldier, when it came to a question of stalking an enemy, was no match for the Boer. It was not weapons but marksmanship and tactics which decided the day. What is now asserted is that in actual armament and equipment the Boers are our superiors, and that the British soldier may possibly have to face his former foe, not only with the disadvantages against him which overpowered him eighteen years ago, but also handicapped by inferior and obsolete weapons. If this were really the state of things the situation would indeed be a very serious one, and the harshest criticism of our War Office would be well deserved. But some at least of the alarmist assertions are certainly unsubstantial, and the most important one of all is most wide of the mark. It is proclaimed that General Joubert can dispose of forty-six quick-firing cannon, and that we have only eighteen field and four mountain guns with which to oppose these. The firm of Schneider has undoubtedly supplied the Boers with several batteries, perhaps even with the number which the panic-mongers state. But there are several points in the Schneider system at which experts shake their heads, and it is pretty certain that so little gun practice under service conditions is undertaken in the Transvaal that the deficiencies of the new purchases have not as yet been discovered. Germany has equipped her army with a quick-firing gun which was supposed to be an efficient weapon, but prolonged experience has shown that it is very much the reverse. France followed the German lead, and there is reason to believe, has already regretted her precipitation. When, therefore, it is stated that the Boer guns can fire at the rate of six rounds per gun per minute, and that a man can sit on the trail and "pump" shells with the nonchalance of a gardener using a hose-pipe, those who have seen quick-firing guns duly tested and the attempt to occupy such a seat when even one round is fired will smile with amusement. The Schneider gun is anchored, as all field quick-firing guns must in some shape or form be anchored, to the ground by means of a spade. The force of recoil being thus violently arrested, however much it may be modified by springs or cylinders, must produce what gunners call "jump," and sportsmen "kick." What that "kick" must be in a gun which can fire a shrapnel shell containing, as it is said the Schneider shell does, some 300 bullets, which are to be propelled with due velocity, we leave our readers to imagine. It would probably be sufficient to pitch any but a highly trained man, well prepared for the jar, completely off his seat. What condition the brain or nerves of the hero would be in who succeeded in preserving possession of such a seat of torture for even a few minutes we can hardly imagine, but are sure that his eyes would not be capable of very accurate aim, nor his hands of any nicety of touch. The picture of the two gunners serenely grinding out shells like an organ-grinder in the street is delightfully picturesque, but need inspire us with no terrors. Until you have discovered the correct range, prodigality in discharging projectiles merely means a useless waste of ammunition, which

may be sorely needed later on in the day. In order to find the range it is necessary to observe where each shot falls, and it becomes necessary therefore to pause while the missile flies from gun to target. How long its time of flight may be naturally depends upon velocity and distance, but at such ranges as guns engage at now-a-days it forms a very appreciable period of time. Pumping shells to give useful effect is not then quite so simple a process as it appears on paper, and as every shell weighs some fourteen or fifteen pounds the thought of transport and ammunition supply will damp the ardour of the most enthusiastic pumper after he has been a few days in the field. But it is said that not only is the shower of shells to strew bullets broadcast in a deadly zone, but that the high explosives which have added a new terror to warfare will supplement the horror of the next South African battlefield. The Boer guns are stated to be equipped with French Melinite shells, which are to search rifle pits and entrenchments. Now it is an extremely doubtful point whether it is safe to fire high explosive shells from a high-velocity gun such as a field-piece which also fires shrapnel, must be, and it is further very problematical whether the French Melinite shells are of any practical value for field warfare at all. What is certain is that, while our neighbours claim to possess such powerful missiles, they take the greatest care never to fire them. Well-informed men have said that is because they dare not do so; we do not know, but like Lord Eldon, when we hear of their terrors we doubt. Another yet more curious advantage over us is however claimed for the Boer artillery. The shrapnel shells which are to be pumped upon our batteries with such unflagging zeal, not only contain bullets, but some ingredients which produce black clouds of smoke when the shells burst. So at least we are told. This feature of Boer tactics is so far as we are aware something absolutely new in modern warfare. The Chinese have before now made great play with "stinkpots." "Smoke balls" too are not unknown in the annals of war, but these inventions when in vogue were not adapted for field warfare, and the new policy may be fairly credited with all the originality it deserves. Oom Paul has been called many hard names, but he is sure to be labelled the Cuttlefish, if his guns really carry out the tactics they are said to be capable of. To shroud your adversary in such impenetrable smoke that he cannot see you may for all we know have advantages hitherto unnoticed by great commanders; it will however occur even to the layman unversed in military science that by doing so you effectually prevent your gunners from seeing him, that you cannot aim when you have nothing to aim at, and that therefore while we are smothered in smoke the accuracy of the Boer fire is not likely to be formidable. If you are unable to see your opponent all the quick-firing guns, Mauser rifles, and high explosives in the world won't hurt him. In short the cuttlefish policy appears inconsistent with the handling of modern arms of precision. We have dwelt perhaps too long on a tale which may be said to carry its own contradiction with it. It is perfectly true that we have not an adequate supply of field artillery, it is also true that our batteries should have a better gun than they have, but at the same time it is equally true that in all human probability our artillery in South Africa will prove itself quite equal to any that may be brought against it. The Boer war, should there ever be one again, will be decided by mobility and tactics not by armament.

THE WALDECK-ROUSSEAU MINISTRY.

TO steer his cabinet through a crisis at once perilous and acute, to maintain his meagre majority of dubious allies, to restore honour and calm to his country by a satisfactory liquidation of the Dreyfus affair, is M. Waldeck-Rousseau's tremendous task. His reception on Monday was not gratifying. Howls arose as soon as he and his colleagues appeared; patriotism alone could have prevented the new premier from wishing himself back in the Senate and Law Courts, where always he has been heard with attention and respect. "Il faut sauver la République!" shouted the

Socialists. "Veillons au salut de l'empire!" replied the Imperialists. Only the Centre kept quiet, watching M. Deschanel ring his bell. It sounded again and again during the séance, but could neither stop nor drown the cries of "A bas Gallifet, à bas l'assassin!" Still, no one could find fault with the ministerial declaration. Its moderate and patriotic aim, "the defence of Republican institutions and the union of all Republicans," won the Government the day; but even here M. Waldeck-Rousseau had no cause for self-congratulation: a majority of eighty had been expected, it turned out to be one of twenty-five, and of these few votes and voices some were conditional, others granted grudgingly. The sixty-one deputies who abstained, and the sixteen who were away, also represent a source of anxiety; they might vote on a future occasion, and against the Ministry. Its policy will be firm and straightforward, however; it can gain nothing by timidity. In MM. Waldeck-Rousseau, Delcassé, Millerand, de Lanessan, and General Gallifet, France has men of strength and character who will not hesitate to serve her interests, even at their own cost, by the assertion of a just if severe authority.

Meanwhile, day by day, we are exhorted by the Anti-Dreyfusard press to applaud such and such a patriot—Cavaignac, Déroulède, or even François Coppée. It would have us buy and frame the portraits of all three; see us cheer and bow low as they pass. They deserve enthusiasm: do not they "uphold the Honour of the Army"? No less regularly are we urged to chastise M. Waldeck-Rousseau—swindler, grasping, another Harpagon, defender of M. Eiffel, one of the blackest blots in the Panama affair. But if it be true that the new premier worships gold, why has he relinquished the most lucrative post at the Bar for one, glorious enough, but poorly paid? Not only does he lose pounds thereby, but his peace of mind and popularity. Verily, M. Waldeck-Rousseau has acted like a patriot. Disinclined from the first to form a cabinet, he nevertheless acceded to M. Loubet's wishes, and failed. Urged to try again, he loyally consented, and after tremendous trouble, brought together some vigorous and remarkable personalities. Weaklings none of them are; every man of them has decision and special qualifications. But alas! everyone has enemies, and a past. All are Dreyfusard; all believe in the innocence of Colonel Picquart. What courage it needed to call these men together! What contempt for the savage criticism of influential personages like MM. Millevoye and Rochefort! "We have a Cabinet of Crime," shrieks the "Libre Parole," "an assassin as Minister of War." Other papers echo the cry, and caricaturists depict General Gallifet's bloody exploits after the Commune. Still, the same papers were loudly praising the General for his letter to the "Journal des Débats" early in May, in which he upheld the "Honour of the Army," and asked, "Would it not be better to keep silence? No court would convict our officers—we know them to be men of honour, mistaken perhaps, but incapable of an evil deed." But the situation has changed, Revision been declared, and like all men of sense, General Gallifet has recognised that "silence" now is impossible. The situation also explains why M. Waldeck-Rousseau has made choice of the inexorable General as Minister of War. There is no question at the present hour of any repetition of the merciless deeds that characterised the repression of the Commune in 1871, but in the present emergency there is need of a man of iron will and firm hand to hold the General Staff in awe. Next in importance to General Gallifet comes M. Delcassé, still Minister of Foreign Affairs; no less able, no less unpopular. "Remember Fashoda!" cry his enemies; "upset him, or he will deliver France to England and Germany." Accused also of treachery is M. de Lanessan, once Governor of Cochin-China, now Minister of the Marine. His admiration for the English colonial system has aroused M. Rochefort's suspicions. "Watch de Lanessan as carefully as Delcassé," says the "Intransigeant." More abuse is heaped on M. Millerand. The remaining members of the cabinet are dismissed by the Opposition as ignorant, useless, and insignificant. Dark, then, are the prospects of the Waldeck-Rousseau Ministry; feebly supported, fiercely hated, it cannot look forward to a long or

prosperous career. Pessimists predict its fall before the end of July, while others think its majority will last over the recess. No more pleased or hopeful are the workman and the man in the street.

At Pantin, Villette, S. Denis, where factory chimneys rise, meetings are held for the enlightenment or bewilderment of the working classes. They hear M. Waldeck-Rousseau described as a swindler and thief, as the defender of M. Eiffel, whose rôle in the Panama affair has "ruined many a humble household and made once prosperous peasants poor." They hear General Galliffet called an assassin, proved responsible for the bloodshed and slaughter of the Commune. They hear MM. Delcassé and de Lanessan put down as the friends of England and Germany, and the bitter foes of France. And they disperse, dazed, feeling that they are being governed by an unscrupulous and infamous crew. In the cafés below the "Libre Parole" offices the same libels are repeated; at the Café Cardinal (the "Patriots" resort), in many of the brasseries of the Latin Quarter and Montmartre, too. And the bourgeois who has lost a friend in the Commune and money in the Panama affair, comes out of his usual indifference, goes red in the face, thumps his fist on the table, calls the ministers all "canailles," swears. "Paraît que le ministère dure toujours," is a favourite remark. "Ne vous tourmentez pas, mon ami—il tombera," is the invariable reply.

PARTICULARISM IN POLITICS.

PARTICULARISM is an insidious disease the most obnoxious to the modern body politic, and it is spreading rapidly. It consists in regarding politics from one narrow or sectional point of view, and to it subordinating all other considerations. The particularist looks upon the machinery of parties and the whole constitutional system as existing for no other object than the execution of his particular fad or hobby. Particularism leads to the formation of groups, which in their turn, with their attendant evils of lobbying and wirepulling, lead to confusion and anarchy. Of particularism we have lately had five notable examples—Oldham might make a sixth: the two elections in Edinburgh, the election in Southport, the teetotal squabble in the Osgoldcross division of Yorkshire, and the promised resignation of the member for Stockport.

The elections in the South and East divisions of Edinburgh were fought upon the same issue, the taxation of vacant land in the neighbourhood of the city. Hardly any other subject was mentioned, and when one of the Radical candidates was asked whether he was in favour of upholding the supremacy of Great Britain in South Africa, he literally replied that he agreed with the speech of Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman! That was positively all that a gentleman seeking to represent in Parliament the capital of Scotland had to say about the Transvaal crisis! And the electors were apparently quite satisfied with the answer. We are not concerned to expose the stale and childish fallacy that you can rate unoccupied land as if it was covered with buildings. You might as well propose to tax an income of £5,000 as if it was £50,000. A still more glaring absurdity was propounded by the Radical candidates, namely, that when you have rated your vacant land as if it was covered with buildings, and so forced it into the building market, the additional rates will be unaccompanied by additional expenditure on lighting, draining, and policing the new district. But the crude parody of political economy repeated parrotwise by Messrs. Dewar and McCrae is not our point. The point unhappily is that the reduction of the Edinburgh rates (which by the way are only 2s. 6d. in the pound) by a few pence was considered by the citizens of the Northern Athens to be the most important public question of the day. No doubt the candidates on both sides were responsible, for it is the duty of the candidates to lay the right issues before the constituency, and as far as possible to lift the contest out of the region of parochial politics. And here we cannot help saying that some measure of blame must attach to the managers of the Conservative party in Scotland. The Conservative candidates were highly respectable; one was a distinguished officer, and the other a blameless local

brewer; but they were, neither of them, politicians, and we cannot help thinking that those who manage these things might have paid Edinburgh the compliment of sending a couple of politicians, who could hold their own with an intellectual audience. The Scotch, we know, are clannish; but the fact that Mr. Morley, Mr. Asquith, and Mr. Birrell sit for Scotch counties proves that the Scotch appreciate brains and speaking even in Englishmen. The only way to stop particularism is to bring forward candidates who have some knowledge of politics, and who do *not* take "the cackle of their bourg for the wide wave that echoes round the world."

The Southport election was another instance of particularism. The Conservative candidate was said (we know not with what degree of truth) to have been defeated by the Lancashire Evangelicals as a protest against the refusal of the Government to pass their Church discipline bill. Now, we are all agreed that the ritual question is important; in a sense, none more so. But it is not a question which essentially affects the political principles of the two parties, and to make it the decisive issue in what ought to be a struggle between Radicals and Conservatives shows something worse than a confusion of ideas. Similarly, for a member to resign his seat because he cannot agree with a teetotal clique in his constituency discovers a total lack of mental perspective. The most recent and deplorable instance of particularism is, however, the action of Mr. Whiteley, the Conservative member for Stockport, who has declared his intention of resigning his seat as soon as the tithe-rentcharge (rating) bill becomes law. Mr. Whiteley's reason for leaving his party is that the Government has devoted too large a share of its remedial legislation to the benefit of the classes connected with land, and has ignored the wants of the class of voters which he represents, namely, the workers in the large towns. If Mr. Whiteley had read or remembered a little, not of ancient, but of very modern history, he would be aware that the half-century between 1832 and 1884 has been largely absorbed, so far as domestic legislation is concerned, by laws passed for the benefit of the working classes in towns. The Government has only been making up the arrears of legislation which are due to the agricultural classes, and which have accumulated during the period before the residential franchise was extended to the counties. But here, again, the point is not whether Mr. Whiteley is right or wrong in his contention that the Government has neglected the interests of the urban voters. The deplorable thing is that any member of Parliament should conceive his paramount duty to be the protection of a particular class rather than of the empire at large. As Burke observed, "A large empire and little minds go ill together." The greatest questions for England to-day are those of foreign and colonial policy, her tariffs, and her position in new and distant markets. The future of our West Indian colonies, our supremacy in South Africa, our position in Egypt and China, are issues of vital moment. In face of such commanding problems that men should be found to fight elections on such twopenny-halfpenny questions as the rates of Edinburgh, the parson's tithe, or the number of public-houses in a Yorkshire parish, is a symptom of decadence, which those who guide public opinion should do their utmost to repress.

CLERICAL POVERTY.

WE cannot say that we think the Government has hit upon an ideal method of dealing with the rating of clerical tithes—to adopt a convenient, if slipshod phrase. A better plan in our view would have been a fixed exemption from liability to rates proportioned to outgoing pecuniary to the clergy. But any way it was time something were done, and though the "injustice" may in some quarters have been somewhat exaggerated, still we cannot see how any fair minded person can dispute the hardship of the present system. The tithe-rentcharge has shared to the full the depreciation of agricultural property; it has not shared in the advantages which accrue to other property

from some at least of the expenditure from rates; it has generally been more highly assessed: finally, it has been in fact though not in law a stipend, the professional income of the clergy, and as such it belongs to a class of property which is not, with this single exception, subject to rates. From these circumstances and others which we do not here enumerate there has arisen to the tithe-holding clergy a very considerable hardship, which the Legislature may very properly be invited to remove. It cannot be denied that the economic development of the country during the last half-century has altered the relative importance of agricultural incomes in the general scheme of national wealth—the incidence of taxation is still very unequal—and a rearrangement on the basis of actual conditions would, on many grounds, be welcome. The partial treatment of the question tends to obscure its principles, and gives an unfortunate plausibility to the accusation that Parliament is subsidising classes and interests rather than rectifying the defects of a national system. The Government plead the necessity under which legislation has to be passed through Parliament, and we perforce accept the plea. The little remedial measure now under discussion has its apology in the admitted necessity of restoring the balance between the diminishing prosperity of the country and the quickly increasing wealth of the urban communities.

Incidentally attention has been directed once more to the poverty of the English clergy. Twenty-four years ago the tithe-rentcharge was worth £112 15s. 6½d. per cent.: it has continuously declined until in the present year its value stands at no more than £68 2s. 4½d. At par value the tithe-rentcharge owned by parochial incumbents amounts to £2,412,708 9s. 11½d.: at present value it is worth little more than a million and a half: and this is a gross value, subject to numerous and heavy deductions on account of taxes, rates, mortgages, repairs, cost of collecting. "Crockford" asserts that the average net income of the rural benefices does not exceed £130: and points out that even this pittance is only payable after a delay of many months. The severity of clerical distress is concealed from public notice partly by the large private means of many incumbents, partly by the tradition, kept alive by political opponents, of ecclesiastical wealth, partly by the amazing and admirable reticence of the clergy themselves; but the fact is becoming too grave for concealment: even the advocates of Disendowment have been forced to change their tone; and we are now becoming familiar with the grotesque combination of proposals for confiscating Church property and a lavish sympathy with clerical poverty.

There, are, perhaps, some persons who affect to regard the distress of the clergy with equanimity. Is not poverty the proper attribute of an apostolic ministry? Will not religion ultimately be strengthened by the process which, however sharp, recalls the Church to primitive simplicity? To such suggestions we are disposed to attach little value: they are at best quixotic: they are often merely rhetorical: they are sometimes dishonest. No one proposes that the clergy shall be wealthy: no one desires that their lives should be other than simple, laborious, and devout: the question really is whether a poor clergy is on the whole likely to be spiritually efficient. In discussing that question certain assumptions must be made. In England we are, for good or evil, committed to a married clergy, and that means, inevitably, an hereditary clergy, a clerical caste in the proper sense of the term. The extreme poverty of our clergy not only inflicts on them the distracting anxieties which attach necessarily to indigence, but also compromises and lowers the quality of the whole clerical order. The vicarages and rectories are not only the residences of the working clergy, they are also the sources and, in some sense, the training ground of the clergy of the future. It is sometimes regretted, and with reason, that the social quality of ordination candidates tends steadily to deteriorate, but it is not perhaps sufficiently remembered that the most serious disadvantage of recruiting from the humbler sections of society is the lowering of the educational standard of the clergy. Men of humble origin may be, and in Christian history constantly have been, the crown and strength of the hierarchy: but invariably

this has been the case when either by judicious patronage, or through the aid of endowments, these men have been educated. Obscurity is only then mischievous when it means also vulgarity and ignorance: and this, as matters now stand with us, is too often the case. The chief recruiting-ground for Holy Orders is the clerical profession: when that profession is stricken with penury, then it not only yields fewer recruits to the Ministry, but its recruits are inferior in quality.

The direct effect of poverty on clerical work is bad in two ways. On the one hand, the straitened clergyman is for ever burdened by cruel and petty anxieties: he carries into his ministrations a dejected demeanour and a distracted mind: his intellectual interests perish before his material worries. He buys no books: he joins no societies: he reads no journals. Almost inevitably he sinks into a dull routine from which the light and life of spontaneity have perished. On the other hand, his independence is curtailed and compromised. He is sometimes reduced to accepting loans which are gifts, and hospitalities which are charities from his parishioners. He stands towards them in a position the least favourable in the world for the courageous performance of pastoral duty. He is the object of popular pity rather than respect. There can be little doubt that even a recognised and well-organised "voluntary" system affects badly the spiritual efficiency of the clergy—this is still more the case when the system is neither recognised nor well organised.

There is yet another consideration of no small importance. The poverty of the benefices is bringing back under new forms, and without the criminal incidents, the ecclesiastical calamity of simony. Patrons, even episcopal patrons, have to insist primarily on the possession of a private income as a qualification for promotion to livings, of which the financial insufficiency gives no adequate idea of the spiritual importance. Money counts for much in appointments, and will count for more, unless the extremely improbable contingency happen of a generous re-endowment of the poor benefices. Clergymen promoted in this way hold a position towards patrons, bishops, and parishioners which is not favourable to the discipline of the Church. It would be possible to construct a very strong case against clerical poverty from the indirect mischiefs which arise thence to spiritual efficiency and ecclesiastical order.

If the question be proposed how best to remedy this formidable evil, it is not easy to find the answer. We doubt the reasonableness, we are positive as to the practical difficulty, of accepting the present distribution of church revenues as a basis for action. There are hundreds of small hamlets which might with advantage to the Church and the nation lose their independent status as parishes, and be merged in larger units. The amalgamated pittances might suffice to provide a sufficient income for the clergy charged with their pastoral oversight. Here, however, we have to reckon with the difficulty attaching to the multiplication of clergy at once married and unbeficed, and with the intractable local prejudices which have hitherto defeated all considerable schemes of parochial amalgamation. The problem is complex as well as urgent: and it is, therefore, no mean advantage that the mind of the Church should be directed in good time towards its solution. The discussions on the petty measure now before Parliament will assist to bring home to many Churchmen the magnitude and severity of the hardship under which the clergy are now compelled to live.

ROBESPIERRE.*

A PERIOD whose motives are foreign to us and with whose actions we are acquainted either too superficially or through too false a spirit, is becoming of prime interest to modern Europe, and is, oddly enough, nowhere more keenly followed than among ourselves. There is a revival in the study of the French Revolution of which Sardou's play is a symptom only, and there is a fixity in that revival which is, for an English literary movement, peculiar: the Reform itself and its chief

* "Robespierre." A novel founded on the play of Victorien Sardou. London: Pearson. 1899. "Robespierre and the Red Terror." By Dr. Jan Ten Brink. London: Hutchinson. 1899.

men are being described with increasing detail, they are presented even with a certain accuracy, and in the case of at least one writer—Mr. Morse Stephens—the period has a specialist who, in spite of certain difficulties present in his method, may worthily rank with the Continental authorities.

It would be too long a task to attempt a determination of why this revival should have occurred. The recent triumph of the Republican principles in France, their systematic and even combative introduction throughout the French education of the last twenty years, have had much to do with it. The fact that a period so near to us and containing so much unexplored material lies ready to hand, well suited to our modern method; the historical sense, from which we cannot escape, that we are at this moment upon the eve of events which will complete or destroy the effects of that time; the present necessity for some enthusiasm and for some conviction, even if they be but spectacular—all these causes doubtless enter into the new study. But there is in connexion with the revival a point of even more importance to the historian, a difficulty whose solution is of moment not only for the particular student of the Revolution, but for all those who are puzzled at the tendency of all history to repose upon the dramatic and to neglect proportion. The difficulty is this—why should Robespierre have been chosen by posterity to act the hero-villain of the piece?

To appreciate the importance of that inquiry it is necessary to describe, as clearly as our materials allow, what kind of man he was. Born of a good family, well-bred, drawing his culture from a line of high professional ancestry and accustomed in the first years of his life to all those influences which make up what here we call "a gentleman," Robespierre retained and even developed the mental inheritance which such things bequeath. He was a gentleman at his first entry into the States-General; a quiet man, well received, discussed in the better houses of Versailles. He maintained that character throughout the extremes of epithet that vitiated the Parisian press of '89 and '90, he preserved it intact in the loose angers and amid the grotesque personalities which the Civil War thrust forward, and to which the frenzy of the invasion gave power. During that last night in the Hôtel de Ville, when so many different men, from St. Just to Henriot, must have noted the contrast of their leader, he gave them all to failure and to the scaffold through his pedantic and well-bred hesitation. This character—a slight and colourless one—being once seized, it is not difficult to add those completing traits which show us the whole man. Added to his manners one would have noticed over-learning in one department only—a department, moreover, to which we now attach far less value than did that generation. That he lacked sympathy with the classics it would be redundant to affirm. That he knew them thoroughly, pedantically, as though the teaching of them had been his occupation, this is the salient point which his speech and his repetitions continually emphasise. It was learning of the kind we so continually meet to-day on the historical rather than on the classical side: a vast acquaintance with the insignificant, a prodigious memory, a childish pleasure in the accumulation of detail, a complete inability to apply his examples, characterised what Taine in his elaborate caricature has called the "cuisse."

But to this partly completed picture, to this conception of him as the pedantic and careful scholar, there is a third quality to be added which transforms them; without which we can never comprehend him, and to neglect which is to reduce his story to chaos. This insufficient and well-mannered man was possessed of an unshakeable political conviction, and that political conviction coincided to a hair'sbreadth with what had been for so long the ideal of the articulate part of the French people. There were two aspects to that conviction, the one well known in England, the other less commonly presented, each tending to vitiate true history if it be presented alone. His faith on the one hand was narrow, it was inhuman in its hardness, it was woefully lacking in all those contradictions and minor humilities which come to fuller and saner men from the association with the life of their fellows: it was impotent, unpractical, a merely subjective thing: it could not have

existed in the form it took with him, had he possessed in the least that "humanity" which it had been the noble mission of the earlier classical learning to produce: in a word it was mean.

But on the other hand it possessed him with so great a force, it was so much the motive of all he did, he believed in its truth so fully, and he was so entirely devoted to what he held to be true, that his faith made up in intensity what it lacked in largeness. In the little books on science we read of a marvel; that the stroke of lightning is the action of a very small amount of force acting at an immense potential; that shock is the action of a very little thing, but for a moment it fills the sky. This should explain Robespierre. Those who had never known but the one political idea, those others (far more numerous) who for the moment thought only of that one because it was—for the moment again—of such supreme importance; both sections of the republican mass saw in him the intensity of conviction which they were seeking.

In such a view, we think, lies the explanation of that strange career. He was utterly un-French, he was not (save where his mere conviction was touched) a brave man, he repeated a maxim where his fellow-countrymen would tend rather to argue out a thesis, he had the small nervousness that should repel rather than attract an audience; his speeches, well written, dull and over long, were the last to have captured, at any other moment, the opinion of Paris. That he took a place so much greater than his due lies only in this, that where such and such a man had entered the Revolution with a mixture of human motives, was capable therefore of laughter, of weariness, of doubt, ultimately of reaction itself, he with a fixity of idea that bordered closely on disease reiterated, became the symbol of, Rousseau. The things he so continually and consistently preached were the mere dry bones of the Republic (and a grossly imperfect skeleton at that), but here alone in this one man they were always to be found unchanged. Hence, partly in spite of himself, he gathered the weight first of responsibility for all that the Committee might do and later of so much exaggerated tradition.

Of the two books which have suggested this sketch of the man, one (Sardou's "Robespierre") is frankly a novel of the moment, based upon a thoroughly unhistorical play; following, that is, a story which is powerful only when it is told in a few hours by living men. So far as a presentation of Robespierre is concerned it fails, so far as a companion to the play may be needed it succeeds. The second (Dr. Brink's "Robespierre") is history, but it is history written on the more accessible materials alone and uncorrected by any later research; hence it contains the minor errors that luckily cannot disturb a general reader.

AL FRESCO.

KENSINGTON GARDENS is one of the prettiest and pleasantest places in the world, and the custom of providing tea there is the most intelligent innovation that London has known for an age. People flock there in daily increasing numbers till the little enclosure has all the gaiety and movement of an assembly without the noise and heat of a gathering indoors. Gradually the Briton is shaking off his prejudices, and among the nearly defunct may be counted his dislike to be seen eating in public. Restaurants have multiplied and grown more attractive; ladies go to them, as their grandmothers or even their mothers never thought of doing, and brighten up the tables with gay colour. The typical British eating-house—that is the only proper name for it—survives only in the City; a spot where everything is "larded with the steam of thirty thousand dinners," where the atmosphere is a meal in itself, and where gentlemen mitigate the publicity of their performance by retiring into high-backed pews. On a frosty day in December, when appetite is brisk, these places are snug enough, but with the thermometer where it stands now, starvation would be preferable. There are plenty of newer dining haunts spacious enough in all conscience, but which of them can compare with the luxury of a table under the green trees and a look out over the Serpentine? We have

not yet attained to the civilisation of our neighbours on the Continent who never miss a chance to spread the cloth out of doors. It is true the possibilities are limited in London where the pavements are narrow, and there are few restaurants indeed which could set tables under their awnings; but the possibilities, where they exist, are not turned to account. Why should not the restaurant in Kensington Gardens be given leave to serve dinners? This would perhaps involve keeping a gate into the Gardens open some little time longer than is at present permitted, but only for the exit of the guests, and with decent catering it would be the pleasantest place in London to dine at.

Of course, if one suggests a scheme of this kind people cry out upon the climate. But it is safe to say that between May and September on an average half the days in London are days when it would be pleasanter to lunch or to dine out of doors; and it is a luxury which the Londoner finds practically denied him. The ordinary Frenchman's idea of a holiday is to go by train or drive a little way beyond the suburbs and spend the day in an arbour; and every little cabaret has its store of cheap and portable little tables which can be set wherever there is a patch of shade in summer or of sun in autumn. But around London you may go where you please and you will scarcely anywhere find this simple attraction. Last September when the thermometer stood somewhere about ninety in the shade it seemed an obvious thing to go down by steamer to Greenwich and lunch at the Ship, which has a lawn of its own reaching out towards the river. But no sort of entreaty would induce the waiters to give one a table out of doors, though in that weather a pottage of herbs or a sandwich under the sky would have been better than four kinds of whitebait in a room where, as Mr. Stephen Phillips remarks in one of his cheerful moments,

"The infirm and evil fly in vain
Was crawling up the window pane."

At the Zoo, where scores of people lunch daily in fine weather, there are indeed half a dozen small tables under a verandah, but three-fourths of the guests are obliged to feed indoors in another of these fly-blown saloons. Tea is served out of doors on small tables, and why not lunch passes all understanding. At least, it ought to; but in point of fact the reason is obvious: it is the stupid conservatism of the British public and the British hotel manager. Another minor reason is the inevitable habit of English people to take their meals at a hand gallop, which makes them expect to be waited on conformably to that usage, and it is quicker to dine in a room. French people will sit down under a clump of trees outside a little country hotel in Normandy on rickety benches round a rickety table, and spend an hour and a half very comfortably over their déjeuner. Fretting and sweating Englishmen turn up on their bicycles, keep themselves in a healthy heat by bellowing for the waiter, and in three-quarters of an hour are off again.

Still there are always plenty of folks who like to loaf over their meals: and eating and drinking, always pleasant, are never so entirely pleasant as out of doors on a fine day. The feeling of air about one reconciles us even to the arduous joys of a picnic where eating must be accomplished in unwonted and uncomfortable attitudes, or perhaps seated on an unsympathetic stone. And if innkeepers would only be advised by us, they might double their custom. For instance on the river a lunch basket is often a bore; but none of the pretty little inns like the Barleymow at Clifton Hampden has had the wisdom to provide the very inexpensive apparatus necessary for feeding people out-of-doors, so that we all lunch off our own resources in back waters. There is no news that spreads so quickly, nothing that people are so anxious to communicate (except the wisely selfish ones) as the fame of a pleasant place to dine or lunch at. The innkeeper or hotel manager who lays to heart the wisdom contained in this article will assuredly have his reward. The great and good man (an unknown benefactor) who instituted tea in Kensington Gardens should continue his work and agitate for dinners also; cold lunch might be taken as a stage easily attainable on the way. A more grandiose scheme was once suggested to us which showed a truly poetic imagi-

nation. Somewhere on the top of the Hotel Cecil and the Savoy there must be flat spaces. Why not cover these in with an awning, put tables there, bring people up in lifts and let them dine under the stars if they choose, with the spectacle of the lamp-lit Thames flowing under them and all the smother and heat of London only perceived as a background to this Epicurean heaven? Already the courtyard has its chairs. Why not, as Browning puts it somewhere, "repeat a stroke and gain—the skies"?

THE ART WORKERS' MASQUE:

FROM TWO POINTS OF VIEW.

I.—As Art.

THE Art Workers have put their masque together very much as they think buildings should be designed, each man contriving a little episode and leaving the Unexpected to edit the whole. It would be absurd in such a case to criticise the whole severely, and certainly a masque, regarded as a fancy dress ball a little organised, is the kind of entertainment most easily carried out on these principles. The general scheme is Mr. Walter Crane's arrangement of the fairy tale of the Sleeping Beauty with an allegory of London redeemed, and into dressing the parts for this, for the procession of Fair Cities, and so forth, the members have thrown themselves with great gusto, and with many degrees of success. Out of a "patchwork," as they call it, which must have given them great fun as well as hard work to produce, I will single the features that looked best at the Guildhall.

Two features lifted the whole affair out of the region of nursery dumb crambo. These were the stage of Mr. Henry Wilson, and the music of Mr. Malcolm Lawson. The first made a sort of unity for the patchwork of the piece, presenting an architectural setting very imposing and beautiful to the eye and thus holding the spectacle together. Filled by the music of Mr. Lawson, this scene set the mind's stage to a mood of lazy reverie, and the people drifted out and in like gaily dressed figures in the porch of a church while singing is heard within. When the figures spouted inaudible verse it was rather a bore; when the verse became audible matters were not always improved; when they did anything but lie down or walk in procession the mind was violently tugged from its pleasant dreaminess and forced to recognise the awkwardness, but while the music drowns through those night-blue arches and a well-invented figure passed the effect was enchanting.

Mr. Wilson, I think, has found his true art in stage architecture. His architecture, as I have seen it in drawings, is a kind of dream. Surfaces vaster than buildings with windows permit, towers hoarier than the most time-tormented; walls sea-eaten, sea-beaten at their birth, gripped and shrouded by carving like old ivy, and touched in crevices of their cliff granite with lichen work in silver and moss work in gems—these I guess would be Mr. Wilson's first suggestions to a client who asked him for a church, a town house or a shooting-box. This romance of architecture is unlikely to get free enough play in actual commissions; what an admirable outlet it might have on the stage, painting for us all we imagine of the grey arches of Camelot at the opening of a glade in Broceliande! At the Guildhall the stage is spanned by a barrel vault flanked on each side by colonnades forming the wings of the scene; the vault is gold-coloured, and the outer wall, which extends upwards from the arch and wings unbroken but for a silver sculpture, is dark blue. Three arches at the back of the stage are filled as far down as the capitals with a thick rusty-gold lattice which conceals the musicians, and the capitals are weedily sculptured in bronze and gold and colour. The whole effect is of a grandiose dream under Romanesque portals, but the whole is as simple as can well be with ornament in the right place and proportion. A curtain lets down to represent a forest or lifts to open up the inner scene; above the arches within is a painted cloth, figure panels in dark purple over a tracery in green and gold. When the scene was lit within by a greenish light, turning the outer blue

purple, the colour was astonishingly fine. I wish Mr. Wilson had been allowed to carry out the dressing of the whole piece. As it was individualism had the same result as in ordinary pantomimes and ballets: there were so many colours that there was sometimes no colour at all; Liberty fabrics played up to their top-note in a single figure, and invention was expended rather on details of pattern that could not be seen than on any sort of keeping among the tints.

An exception to this was Mr. Louis Davis' Dance of the Winds and Fallen Leaves. This was a charming idea very prettily carried out. A number of children were dressed in the dull greens tawnys and reds of fallen leaves, and bigger children with great horns to their mouths blew them about in a dance. A little professional dancer at the end unfolded a pair of butterfly wings, veined black and orange. The scene might have been bettered by planting the four winds at the four corners of the stage, for their action was a little awkward, as they chased and feigned to blow. With music to give the blast of the winds in turn the leaves might have fluttered between these fixed points with less of a jumble. A very slight and simple movement of the body and dress in a large number of dancers is much more effective than a bustle that the eye cannot follow. But there were the makings of a charming children's dance in this number. Mr. Dolmetsch arranged the music for it, and conducted his minstrels picturesquely dressed. He gave a passage from Corelli and then something like the old Cushion Dance music, from his own pen, I fancy. I wish my musical colleague had been present to speak with authority of Mr. Malcolm Lawson's setting of the rest of the piece. To my thinking he is a charming composer whose invention is too seldom drawn upon, and the Art Workers have done a good deed in setting him to work. Unexercised in giving an account of music heard once only I can only speak very generally, but the passage introductory to the scenes, the processional, the Hope and Fortitude melody, the Awakening Song and other numbers stick in my head like old songs. While Athens passed there was a snatch of that haunting melody the Song of the Sirens from Mr. Lawson's *Tale of Troy* music, and S. Louis went by to the hymn-like *Charmante Gabrielle*.

It would be a shame to deal out praise and blame too nicely to those volunteer actors, but a few points may be picked out as lessons from this experiment for the future. The actors who knew their business stepped well to time in the procession, and carried themselves with some stiffness. Thus Miss May Morris, dressed in white, showed a rigid profile as S. Helena, and passed like a phantom from the tomb. One of the best colour effects was that of a lady ("Invention," I think) who accompanied the comic Arts and Crafts idea of an artistic navvy. A gown of dark brown and black made skin and hair shine out, and in the hair was the one vivid note of colour, a twist of green. In the same way Florence's gown, a blue falling well into the colour of the scene, threw up the bright spots of her flowers. There were some beautiful patterned robes, such as that of Paris, but it was difficult to appreciate details in the rapid passage of the actor. It thrilled me to discover Mr. Walter Crane, rather overwhelmed by Albert Dürer's wig, and to remember the oldest masque he made for us, *King Luckieboy's Party*. A murmur of applause went round, and our hearts said, Good luck to you, whom the demons of bletcher and the Educational Authorities and many a wrong ambition have compassed about and distracted, but here you are, inveterately at play, envoy to children from the land of toy beasts and the fairy isles! To finish with these notes, the Muse Clio had a good voice and graceful presence, but made the mistake of moving about restlessly. She ought to have been stuck up on a pedestal almost impassive while the pageant circled round her. Mr. Selwyn Image made a fine figure as Prolocutor, but his voice did not carry in so large a space, and the point of prolocution is clearness. The Knight, I think, suffered from the long tradition of a school that has drawn him without bones or a third dimension. Called suddenly from the flat to act in the round he vainly tried to articulate his conventionally drawn limbs, and when the dragon, a fine specimen, came on, it evidently only saw

him in section as a line. He hesitatingly tickled one or two of its joints as it went by, but nothing he could do attracted the slightest attention from this genial worm, who was accordingly removed to be carved by a waiter, off the scene. The Art Workers should stick to *tableaux vivants*.

It will be observed that I have shirked discussion of the allegoric meaning of this entertainment. I am sure the Lord Mayor and Corporation will get a great deal of pleasure out of it, but I hope they will not take the moral too seriously. I should like to see a hall designed by Mr. Wilson and a chair by Mr. Lethaby in the City and a number of other things, but I warn the Fathers against handing over London too readily to Art Workers. When one demon is cast out there are so many eager to take his place. The Art Workers' heads are full of beautiful ideas, but when it comes to work it is a different matter. The decorations of S. Paul's are the first outcome of Morris' preaching. And when we cast an eye over the illustrations to the published text of this masque we have to confess that the prevailing quality of the work is more amateurish even than the writing. The greater part of the design that is now so fashionable is no whit better than the loudly abused stuff it has displaced, and it is noticeable how few of the gentlemen who are so ready to design a new London are able to draw. "Pheidæus," as he is called in these pages, would have been a good deal puzzled by the things said and done in his name. Just as a vague poeticalness and love of old verse does not make the authors of this piece poets, so a wistful eye on ancient art and even a pretty fancy do not alone make a designer. The better men in the Guild know this as well as I do, but the frothier spirits are very much in evidence. D. S. M.

II.—AS DRAMA.

I HAVE not the pleasure of counting myself a great admirer of Mr. Joseph Pennell's prose-style, nor of his method in criticism, nor of his manners. Unluckily, the first intimation that there was to be a Masque at the Guildhall came to me in the semi-official form of a more than usually blustrious article by Mr. Pennell. The Masque, it seemed, was going to be the Greatest Show on Earth. Creation was going to be licked. We were all going to be made to sit up, you bet! I winced, not being a betting man. Beauty on turtleback is well enough. But Beauty under the wing of the spread-eagle . . . I found myself hoping that the Masque would be a failure. That was unreasonable of me, of course, and not generous. After all, the members of the Art Workers' Guild, quiet and modest, were going to do their best, and they had not (I suppose) dictated nor even passed the proofs of Mr. Pennell's article. And yet—so wide are the eagle's wings—it was in a hostile spirit that I went, last Tuesday, to the Guildhall.

Nor did what I found there seem like to cure me of my ill-will. On a cavernous and fitfully-lit stage, the mummerys were sometimes almost invisible to me. However, I saw "D. S. M." in the audience, and, assuming that he was come to bear the burden of visual criticism, I did not strain my eyes, and contented myself with listening to what the mummerys said or sang. Alas! they were seldom audible. Mr. Selwyn Image (whose name we all covet) was the Prolocutor, and it was he who had to recite most of the text. He comported himself in a dignified and scholarly way, but was not very audible. His voice drifted out in a staid, archidiaconal monotone and persistently lost itself somewhere in the defective acoustics of the hall or (as it seemed to my stricken senses) cathedral. To banish the illusion of Evensong, I opened my book of the words, briskly, found the place and followed the poetry with my eyes. It was not good poetry. The only good verses in the book were those signed by Mr. Image himself. The rest were all in the way of doggerel. Those in which were described the several demons besetting London were atrociously stupid and ill-done. Perhaps because they contained many allusions which would have pained the civic mind, they were, I am glad to say, omitted. Personally, I have no objection whatever to topical

allusions in a Masque. The contrivers of this Masque aimed not at a mere antiquarian revival, but at an adaptation of an old form to modern notions. By all means let there be modern satire in such work. But let it be good satire, and not such sorry twaddle as was omitted the other night. I cannot help thinking that it would have been wise to entrust the task of *writing* the Masque to persons outside the Guild. Poetry is surely an important point in a Masque, and one Image does not make a singing-nest. If the poetry for this Masque had been good, it would, no doubt, have been the more charming for the fact that it was turned out (so to speak) on the premises. But that it was so turned out affords one scant consolation for the badness of its actual quality. The pity is all the greater because the main scheme of this Masque is quite attractive and deserved poetical treatment. The long sleep of Fayremonde, Spirit of Beauty, under the power of an evil dragon; her dream of the Seven Fair Cities; the coming of the knight, Trueheart, and his killing of the dragon; the awakening of Fayremonde; the saving of the hapless maid, London, from the demons of ugliness and corruption, and her final admission to the hierarchy of fair cities—all these things are, as Mr. Florimel would have said, "not unworthy of the Muse." Had they been treated by poets, instead of by craftsmen, who knows but that they would have touched the hearts and stung the consciences of those County Councils, Vestries and Boards of Works for which Mr. Walter Crane intended them as "a hint"? Mr. Crane has described this Masque as "an endeavour to bring before the official and general public the necessity for art in all relations of life, especially in civic life." For my own part, I have never regarded art as a necessity, nor do I quite understand why anyone should consider it more of a necessity in civic than in any other kind of life. I am, moreover, quite sure that, even if this Masque had been of such invasive power as to penetrate the hard hearts of the English people and to force all the Aldermen and Vestrymen to their knees, and to make everyone cry aloud for beauty, we should be not one inch the nearer to the haven where Mr. Crane would have us be. Mr. Crane has always kept a sanguine eye on the future, dreaming of a time when all the streets will be white; when the British workman will be a handsome youth with long hair, attired in doublet and trunk-hose, and carrying a really well-made pickaxe across his shoulder; when the factory girl will go forth to her work in Grecian draperies covered with patterns of Mr. Crane's own design. This desirable state of things is to be attained, I understand, through Socialism, through the gradual education and enrichment of the people. I would suggest to Mr. Crane that he is on a wrong tack. The more power we give to the people, the further will beauty recede from us. Beautiful cities have been created by tasteful tyrants; but they have never been created by the mob, for the mob never has cared for beauty. I am not sure that, in these days when Invention (which, in the Masque, is represented as one of beauty's saviours) has made railways, bicycles, sky-signs, omnibuses and factory chimneys a necessity in men's lives, a really beautiful city is at all possible. Even a tyrant would not be able to rid London of the fell mischief worked by Invention. But the idea of London ever being helped towards beauty by or through the people of London is really too ridiculous a chimera, and Mr. Crane should cease to entertain it. The English people, as being the most utilitarian in the world, is even more incapable than any other people of understanding or caring about beauty. What has been the result of that æsthetic movement which, in 1880, was created for the purpose of abolishing reps and mahogany, and of extending beauty to the mob? The walls of sitting-rooms are plastered with horrid little fans, horrid little saucers, and horrid little pieces of "art-cretonne." Imitation Dutch milking-pails are used as coal-scuttles, and an imitation Dutch milking-stool is offered you instead of a chair. These are the only results of that artistic renaissance. They are typical of what must always happen when artists are so foolish as to try to catch, and so unlucky as to succeed in catching, the ear of the English people. Let Mr. Crane and his friends give up their idea of making

London and its inhabitants beautiful. Let them realise that under the modern conditions of trade and science London is bound to become uglier and uglier. And let them realise that in the ever-increasing ugliness of life the artist will find an ever-stronger incentive to devote himself to his own beautiful works. When next they write a Masque, let its theme be that beauty must be content to be not popular.

However, the Masque itself is more important than its contrivers' ulterior purpose. The story, as I have said, is pretty. Had it been well written, well spoken and well stage-managed, I should have enjoyed it very much indeed. As it was, it bored me very much indeed, and filled me with resentment of the long distance I had come to see it. Not until the end of the evening, when all the mummers passed, in slow procession and to the tune of an agreeable march, twice round the hall, did I feel any emotion of pleasure. As the procession passed me, I was able to see well the costumes of all the mummers, the accoutrements they bore, and the symbols and the devices. All these things seemed to me charming—but that, by-the-bye, is for "D. S. M." to say. The sight of the mummers at close quarters inclined me kindly to them, and made me feel a brute for having scorned their efforts. After all, in every amateur performance, the appeal is *ad misericordiam*. But in most cases the appeal is made in vain: our pity is not roused. We do not realise that the performers on the stage are human beings like ourselves, doing their best to amuse us, but regard them, rather, as malignant apes, bent on boring us with unmeaning antics. I wish that at the close of every performance of amateur theatricals the players might, for their own sakes, be allowed to circulate, as at the close of this Masque, among their audience. Seen closely and on our own level, they would be revealed as well-meaning, wistful men and women, and so would there be for them a happy dispulsion of all our sulks. Yes, this procession quite disarmed me, and my heart went out to all who were in it—to the little children, and to every maiden and bearded man. They were all so much in earnest, and had tried so hard, besides being so beautifully dressed up. I remembered that I myself might, if I had been asked, have been one of them. And I wished that their Masque had seemed better to me;

καὶ γὰρ ἔμοι νόος ἐστὶν ἐναΐσμος, οὐδὲ μοι αὐτῷ
θύμος ἐνὶ στήθεσσι σιδήρεος, ἀλλ' ἐλεήμων.

MAX.

P.S. M. Coquelin is playing in "Cyrano" at the Adelphi. But I said last year all I have to say about his performance and about "Cyrano," that brilliant play.

CONCERNING ENGLISH SONGS.

WE are a nation of singers with no songs to sing. We pride ourselves on being singers, on the numerical strength of our choral bodies; we have choral societies each consisting of more than a thousand "picked voices." Yet when we inquire as to what music these highly trained artists perform for their own and their friends' delectation in their happy homes, we are reluctantly driven to the conclusion that they chant, as solos, the treble, alto, tenor or bass parts of the "Messiah" or "Elijah" or of the latest festival novelties, to the inadequate accompaniment of the household piano manipulated by the household pianist. If this conclusion be incorrect, then we must believe one of two quite unbelievable things. Either our boasted choral singers sing nothing in their domestic privacy or they sing the ballads poured forth day and night by the most eminent manufacturers. Now, can one believe that the person who revels in Handel or Mendelssohn, or even in the latest festival novelties, once a week for an hour on rehearsal night, would be guilty of touching the works of the eminent ballad manufacturers? On the other hand, can one believe that any member of a choral society could by any method known to man or woman be kept quiet in the house?

These reflections came to me rather painfully a day or two ago when the Concorde Concert Control were

good enough to send me their edition of some of the songs of Mr. Fritz Delius, and I straightway determined to write an article on English song-writers and song-writing of the present day. It had not occurred to me before that we lacked song-writers at the present day, and that song-writing was in England one of the lost arts. When the history of English music comes to be written, the chapter on the song-writers of the nineteenth century will be nearly as short as Horrebow's celebrated chapter on snakes in Iceland (which it may be remembered Dr. Johnson boasted he had by heart). "There were few song-writers in England in the nineteenth century, and they were not of much account." It is odd that we should have failed so utterly in this respect. We have great composers by the score; there is never a festival novelty that does not contain passages which "any of the great masters might have been proud of;" we have plenty of splendid voices—is not that our peculiar boast?—and we have plenty of excellent lyrics crying to be wedded to immortal music; and yet we get no songs. Across the North Sea, the Germans, with no voices—German singing is well known to be something between a sheep-dog's bark and an asthmatic cough—and with scarcely half a dozen genuine poems in the language, have in this century produced an enormous number of songs of the very first rank. Once upon a time we too produced songs of the very first rank; and though there were not many of these, there were huge quantities of songs of very nearly the first rank. Purcell alone wrote a number of unsurpassable songs, and many very fine ones. But after Purcell came Handel; and Handel imposed an alien art upon our composers. Whereas Purcell had simply elaborated the English folk-song, and thus got wonderful results by precisely the same method as Schubert and Schumann adopted later, Purcell's successors tried to sing in the highly artificial forms of Handel and the Italians. They ceased to be artists, working with pleasure to express themselves, and became either mere dilettanti or, what was worse, mere contrapuntists. Handel was in himself a combined German and Italian invasion; and he took us by storm. He compelled us to speak his language; long after he was dead our composers insisted upon trying to speak his language; and it was the language of a dead age, a language, too, in which English feeling could never find utterance. No more songs were written—not at least by our "eminent musicians," not by the predecessors of our present day Academics; grand opera airs in Italian style, or grand oratorio airs in the German-Italian style of Handel—these alone were thought worth attempting. The only men who in the slightest degree preserved the tradition of the English song were the writers for smoking-concerts or whatever the convivial gatherings of the earlier part of this century were called. And since these men—with the single exception of Hatton—never had technique or the heavenly gift of tune, they have never done anything worth preserving, anything which might serve as the starting point for a revival of the lost art of English song. More recently a few composers have tried to write true English songs, but they have by no means fully succeeded yet. The firm of Robert Cocks (now merged, I believe, in Augener & Co.) published some little time since a series of English songs, and some of them were fair stuff. Mr. MacCunn's songs are old-fashioned German in style, but contain some picturesque music. Mr. Clutsam's little book of songs is entirely German. Mr. Blumenthal's are very pretty, but have no special national feeling in them. Mr. Marshall-Hall's only fine songs are not songs but scenas. Mr. Stanford's simply don't count; they form the least valuable part of his music. Sir Alexander Mackenzie's are German. And so one might run through the list of composers who have tried song-writing; and in running through a list of their efforts occasionally one meets only with half-successes or complete failures.

There is more than one reason for this. In the first place our composers have persisted and still persist in disregarding the peculiarities and characteristics of the human voice. They consider neither its splendid possibilities nor its terrible limitations. They treat it merely as a colourless, characterless instrument that

can intone any melody that happens to lie within its range. Second, instead of obeying one of the inexorable rules of art—that the greatest simplicity must always be aimed at, and the smallest means that will attain a particular effect must always be used—they have gone after the greatest elaboration and complication. They have gone out with a modern reaping machine to cull wild flowers; they have sought to press a diamond into shape with a road-roller. They have, in a word, forgotten what a song should be. Of course there are three types of song. There is the lyric, which, from the nature of the poem, must always be simple, though some lyrics are less simple than others. There is the ballad, the descriptive song, which may be more elaborate, but must always be direct. And there is the scena, which is not a song at all, but a separate form of art, a form of art as far away from the real song as the opera or music drama or symphony. These three forms have been hopelessly confused by our men: in many so-called songs one scarcely knows what form has been aimed at. And the confusion has been worse confounded by the inhumane treatment of the human voice. Whether the younger men will try to achieve something in the peculiarly intimate and beautiful song-form remains altogether to be seen. They have scarcely attempted the task yet. But there are a thousand purely English varieties of feeling to be expressed in it; and there are a thousand beautiful lyrics waiting to help the composer who tries to express them.

J. F. R.

FINANCE.

IT can scarcely be said that the Transvaal is solely responsible for the continued lack of business on the Stock Exchange during the week. If anything the omens in the South African market are interpreted more favourably and it is generally understood that whilst the Colonial Office is determined to maintain a persistent and strenuous pressure on Pretoria it will not be necessary to adopt a graver attitude. The source of weakness during the past seven days has been Paris and the unsettled political position there. The remarkably composite Cabinet which is the latest thing in Ministries in France is a sort of heroic forlorn hope of the Republic, which everyone sees has been saved from destruction so far only by the weakness and absurd incapacity of its enemies, of all of whom Marianne can say: "No one will ever depose me to make you Kings or Emperors." Although the Waldeck-Rousseau Ministry did actually succeed in obtaining a first victory in the Chamber and confidence on Monday and Tuesday showed some signs of being restored, the precarious nature of the new Cabinet's tenure of office is still too evident, so that after a fairly smart revival nervousness again supervened and Paris has indulged in further precautionary selling. The momentary return of activity in the stock markets was in fact due less to any belief in an immediate improvement in the position of affairs either in France or in South Africa than to covering by the not insignificant number of bears who have lately had things very much their own way, but who hastened to close their commitments for the fall when circumstances for the moment seemed a little less imminently ominous of disaster. Dealings in either sense remain almost wholly professional, the public perceiving no sufficient reasons as yet why it should re-enter the market. Moreover the further curtailment of the business days of the account by the interpolation of a further settlement day has had its effect on both professional and outside operators, and it is earnestly to be hoped that the Stock Exchange Committee will find some better means of coping with the increased mass of business with which the Settling Department has to deal than the change which has caused such widespread dissatisfaction.

The Bank Return on Thursday showed a halt in the process of strengthening the Reserve due, however, merely to temporary requirements usual at the end of the quarter and to the demands of the Stock Exchange Settlement. On balance, £448,000 in gold came in from abroad during the week, but as the circulation both of gold and notes has expanded largely the

total Reserve is lower by £700,000 and the proportion of Reserve to liabilities is 5 per cent. lower at 37½ per cent. A large amount of money has been borrowed from the Bank and "other" securities are £5,220,000 more, over £4,000,000 of which appears to have gone to "other" deposits. Although at first glance the change appears very much to the bad there is no doubt that the position revealed is purely temporary, and although as much as 3 per cent. was generally paid on Thursday for accommodation over the end of the month discount rates are easier and show a falling tendency in anticipation of the plethora of money which will present itself immediately after the turn of the half-year. Large amounts of gold are on the way here from America and from South Africa, and in view of the policy of the Bank now apparent of strengthening its Reserve as much as possible it is expected that the greater part of this will go into the central institution.

Home Railways continue to be an extremely dull market, but more activity may be anticipated in this department when the monetary situation is easier and dividend declarations begin to be announced. We have already referred to the position of most of the Home railway companies, but owing to the uncertainty which prevails with regard to the proportion working expenditure during the half-year just concluded bears to the gross receipts, it is impossible to forecast with any certainty what the actual dividends paid will be. For several half-years past working costs have steadily increased and if, for instance, they have gone as much higher during the past half-year as they did in the June half of 1898 it is quite possible that the increases reported in traffic receipts, favourable as they are, may be entirely swallowed up by the increased expenses. There is however one Home Railway stock which seems to offer a favourable opportunity to investors at the present time. The opinion is gaining ground that the benefits resulting to the London, Chatham and Dover Company from the new working agreement with the South-Eastern will be greater even than was anticipated. The full dividend on the second Preference stock seems assured, and although no dividend on the Ordinary is to be expected this half-year there is likely to be a Balance forward which represents at any rate a dividend in embryo. The new working agreement has not yet of course had time to exercise its full effect and should show much better results during the half-year which begins to-day. The holiday and continental traffics will undoubtedly be worked at a much lower cost than heretofore, and with the Paris Exhibition of next year immediately ahead the outlook for the company is still more favourable. Moreover, a beginning has already been made in the improvement of the passenger accommodation provided by the Chatham Company. The Ordinary stock, therefore, at under 28 seems to offer the chance of making large profits in the course of the next two or three years. The Chatham and Dover is after all a Home railway, and it will not be the first Home railway which has been lifted out of the slough of despond. Five years ago Great Eastern Ordinary stood at only slightly over 70. It is now worth more than 134. Lancashire and Yorkshire Ordinary six years ago stood at 102. It is now worth 150. So also it is far from impossible that Chatham Ordinary in the course of a few years may rise from 28 to a figure a good deal nearer par, and if the new management takes advantage, as it seems ready to do, of the great opportunity for improvement in the service which offers itself, there is no doubt that this result will be achieved.

In the American Railway market, as often happens when other departments are dull, there is an evident tendency towards activity, and there is some reason for the sanguine view which is held in certain quarters concerning the future course of prices. There has been a very appreciable relapse from the high level of prices reached some time ago, but the continued prosperity of the United States, on which the high prices were based, shows no signs of abating, and in spite of the fears of a reduction this year in the wheat crop, the flourishing condition of the iron and steel and other manufacturing

industries will compensate for any falling-off there may be from this cause. Moreover the wheat-carrying roads which will be principally affected by the expected shortage in this year's crop have during the past eighteen months placed themselves in such a strong position by their expenditure on improvements that they will not suffer nearly so much as they have done in previous years, and it is believed that a good deal of wheat held over from last year still remains to be carried. The actual figures of the traffic receipts show conclusively that so far at any rate there has been no sign of a diminution in the volume of business. In April the aggregate traffic receipts of the American railroads increased \$1,818,000, and in May \$3,059,000, although in May the deliveries of wheat and corn diminished by 24,000,000 bushels. Moreover the receipts this year compare with a period last year when many of the companies had a large increase in business from war traffic, yet the Southern roads, which then benefited most by the war, are precisely those which show some of the biggest improvements this year. One road which is worthy of particular attention is the Baltimore and Ohio. Since the reorganisation of this company there have been very heavy sales of its stock on this side of the Atlantic and the price seems to have been quite unduly depressed in view of the excellent prospects of the line. With the cessation of the sales a decided improvement in the price seems inevitable.

The attitude of the public towards the South African Market is still one of letting "I dare not wait upon I would," and it is not likely to change until more definite information is forthcoming with regard to the future intentions of the Transvaal Executive. The various despatches which come to hand from time to time, now saying that Mr. Kruger and his advisers are yielding, now that they are again stiffening their backs, serve their purpose for the moment in influencing purely market operators one way or the other; but the public generally ignores them, having reached the logical conclusion that, as Sir Alfred Milner has laid down the irreducible minimum of the demands of Great Britain, nothing good can come out of South Africa until the Transvaal Executive has granted that minimum and Mr. Chamberlain is able to announce its surrender. The influences acting upon the market are therefore purely professional, and the attitude of Paris counts for a great deal. Last week there was considerable selling from that quarter. At the beginning of the week there was some buying, but the beginning of the Paris Settlement and some anxiety as to the state of affairs it may reveal in view of the unsatisfactory position of Spanish bonds and Rio Tintos have brought a further check to activity. A further factor which during the new account will probably have to be taken into consideration is that the gold output of the Transvaal for June may probably show an appreciable falling off. It is not necessary to attach much importance to the reports that have been spread abroad concerning an exodus of natives from the mines owing to the fear of war. What is of importance is to remember that at this season of the year the native labour question is usually more acute, many of the natives wishing to go to their homes, and it is of course possible that the present unrest on the Witwatersrand may cause the difficulty to be more appreciable this year. It will, moreover, only be natural that the dislocation of business in Johannesburg and all along the Rand should have its effect on the production of the mines. Unless therefore good news is speedily forthcoming with regard to the franchise question, a diminution in the June output may cause a further slight set-back in the value of Transvaal gold-mining shares.

Nevertheless and in spite of all alarms the mining industry of the Rand continues to progress and a number of new developments are at hand. It has been decided, for instance, to split the Robinson Deep shares into smaller denominations and to raise further capital in order that the stamping capacity of the mill may be ultimately increased to 250 stamps. The proposal is to give two new shares for each existing Robinson Deep share, thus making the total issued capital of the com-

pany £900,000 in place of the present £450,000. At the same time 50,000 new shares will be created for future issue for the purpose of raising further working capital. This change will make the Robinson Deep a very similar proposition to the Ferreira Deep, and by making the shares more manageable and more easily obtainable by small investors should appreciably enhance their value, whilst the ultimate increase of the mill to 250 stamps will improve the profit-earning capacity of the mine and still leave it with a sufficiently long life. So also the Consolidated Main Reef Company is about to make a further issue of 120,000 Six per Cent. Debentures, convertible into shares at £2 10s. at any time up to 31 December, 1900, making the total debenture issue £240,000. The Consolidated Main Reef Company owns a very large mining area on the Rand of 751 claims, and the expenditure of the sum raised by the debentures on the development of this ground to the point at which it can be handed over to subsidiary companies should in the course of the next year or eighteen months very considerably enhance the value of Consolidated Main Reef Shares. It is rumoured also that the Modderfontein Company is contemplating a debenture issue for the purpose of developing the ground to the west of its property, with the intention of floating subsequently one or more subsidiary companies to work this portion of its claim-holding.

Some time ago we were able to announce that the affairs of the New African Company were flourishing in a remarkable degree, and that a very large dividend would shortly be declared. The report of the Company, issued last week, shows that our statement was in no way exaggerated. The balance-sheet exhibits an actual realised profit in cash of £128,000, out of which a dividend of 50 per cent. on the £200,000 of the issued capital of the company is to be paid, leaving a balance forward in cash of £28,000. The showing of the balance-sheet is in reality, however, much more favourable than even the splendid dividend announcement indicates, for on 30 April last the actual amount standing to the credit of the profit and loss account was £183,000. Altogether, against its £200,000 of issued capital the company possesses in cash or its equivalent £232,000 in hand, and marketable gold, copper and other shares and interests which on 30 April were estimated to realise about £227,000, making the total assets £459,000. The value of these assets may be gauged from the statement made by the Chairman, Sir Charles Euan-Smith, K.C.B., C.S.I., at the meeting, that in spite of the depression in the South African market the depreciation in the value of the assets on Wednesday last was only £8,500. The new African Company is, moreover, extending its area of operations and apart from its interests in South Africa, in the Van Ryn, Oceana, Mozambique and Katanga Companies, it is developing very valuable new business in Egypt and elsewhere, which promises to result in further handsome profits. The great impulse which has recently been given to industrial enterprise of all kinds in Egypt gives to a well-managed company like the New African many opportunities of profitable business, and it is proposed to establish at Cairo a similar and subsidiary company which can scarcely fail to achieve a notable success.

Although during the past two years there has been great activity in the production of petroleum the rich oilfields of Roumania have hitherto been somewhat neglected. Last year, however, a large company was floated to take over the shares of the Steaua Romana Company of Bucharest, and as the Roumanian Government is very anxious to develop the industry and to make as large a use as possible of petroleum for firing purposes on the State railways, it is probable that there will soon be considerable developments on the Roumanian oilfields. A company called the Berca Petroleum Company, with a working capital of £40,000, the whole of which has been privately subscribed, is at present engaged in developing a very valuable and well-known petroleum property near Buzeu, between Braila and Bucharest, where only hand wells have been at work for the past fifteen years. Some

of these wells have nevertheless yielded as much as from 20 to 30 tons a day, and the Berca Company proposes to erect the most modern and improved machinery for extracting the oil, which is of high quality and commands a good price. The concessions owned by the company extend over $4\frac{1}{2}$ miles and are held with a small exception for fifty years, the Roumanian law, whilst not allowing foreign subjects to own land in the country, permitting them to hold petroleum concessions. There is room on the property for a considerable number of subsidiary companies, which the Berca Company proposes to form after it has proved the value of the field by its preliminary developments. With an output of 100 tons a day, which can be obtained from only a few wells, and without refining, it is estimated that the Company can earn a net profit of £45,000 a year on its total issued capital of £130,000.

Wool is just now in pretty much the same condition as the metals—copper, tin and pig-iron—to which we have had occasion to refer of late; that is to say, supplies have failed to keep pace with the demands of manufacturers. Notwithstanding the absence of American representation at recent sales of colonial wool in London, there has been eager bidding on the part of English and Continental buyers, and at the last series, the third of this year, practically every available bale was taken, and merino prices marked a rise of 5 per cent. The fourth series has begun this week, and on the first day there was a further advance in merinos and cross-breeds of 5 per cent. Though much may happen between now and July 16, when this series comes to an end, there is every reason to conclude that present quotations will be more than maintained. Imports show a falling off, and the drought in New South Wales has played such havoc with the herds in the Riverina district that a poor clip is assured in that colony for this year, while reports from Victoria and Queensland are far from cheerful. Manufacturers are grumbling, as a matter of course, and are pointing out pathetically that a year or two ago they could purchase merinos at a shilling per pound. These are the men who failed to foresee a shortage and who booked orders at prices based upon a relatively low range of quotations for the raw material. But if their profits are not as handsome as they could wish, they are generally fair and business with them is brisk.

The Imperial Life Insurance Company thought it advisable a few years ago to make a vigorous effort to extend its business without paying very much heed to the cost involved, with the result that its expenditure jumped up from 15 to 25 per cent. of the premium income. This policy of expansion may have been a wise step, as a temporary measure, but we must confess to regarding the present policy of economy as the better course. The expenses have dropped from over 25 per cent. of the premiums in 1894 to less than 15 per cent. in 1898 and 1899, and although the new business is not quite so large as it was, it still exceeds half a million, and is quite sufficient to maintain the healthy development of the society. It is by no means an easy matter for the management to cut down its expenses in this resolute fashion without diminishing its efficiency, and every credit should be given to the directors and managers for the performance. At present the expenditure of the Imperial is as nearly as possible the average expenditure of British offices. It amounts to 15 per cent. of the total premiums, which is equivalent to 80 per cent. of the new premiums and 8 per cent. of renewals. At the last valuation the proprietors' share of the surplus amounted to $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. of the payments received, but on all new policies the shareholders only receive 10 per cent. of the surplus, instead of 20 per cent, as formerly, so that, as far as new policies are concerned, there is but a very slight addition to be made to the present moderate expenditure on account of dividends to proprietors. Thus with a 10 per cent. reduction on the ordinary expenditure and the proprietors' share of surplus reduced to one half, the prospect of participating policy-holders in the Imperial have greatly improved. The rate of interest earned upon the funds was £3 18s. 2d. per cent., which shows

a considerable margin above the rate assumed, and is well in excess of the average yield obtained upon funds by British offices in general. The mortality experienced was only 76 per cent. of the expectation, according to the number of deaths, although the actual amount of the claims was appreciably heavier than usual. The funds show an increase during the year of nearly £60,000, and the total assets amount to £2,600,000.

CORRESPONDENCE.

DR. HYDE'S LITERARY HISTORY OF IRELAND.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Glennamady, Co. Galway, 23 June, 1899.

SIR,—A friend has just sent to me, marked for perusal, your issue of 3 June, containing a review of Dr. Hyde's "Literary History of Ireland." My friend was acquainted with the fact that I was manager of several schools in the West of Ireland, and he wrote to me because, knowing Dr. Hyde's general accuracy in matters of fact, he could not bring himself to believe that your reviewer was right in stating that Dr. Hyde was, in that book, misrepresenting facts with regard to the National Board with a view to "boom" the present linguistic movement. The wide divergence of view between your reviewer and Dr. Hyde I find embodied in the following sentences:—

Dr. Hyde: "The Irish-speaking child is forbidden to be taught one syllable of Irish—easy sentences, poems, or anything else. It is forbidden to be taught one word of Irish history."

Your reviewer: "At no time has the use of the Irish language or the study of Irish history been even discouraged, much less forbidden, by the Commissioners."

As I am myself the manager of several schools, under the National Board, in an Irish-speaking district, my friend naturally wrote to me for a pronouncement on this subject. This I can give simply and briefly. "The Irish-speaking child," writes Dr. Hyde, "is forbidden to be taught one syllable of Irish—easy sentences, poems, or anything else." This statement your reviewer objects to, but it is perfectly, or at least substantially, accurate. Suppose a purely Irish-speaking child, who does not know one word of English, is sent to a National school, then, year after year, for four years if the schoolmaster wishes to teach him "easy sentences in Irish, poems, or anything else," he would have to *buy the books out of his own pocket*. And, if he were caught by an inspector of the National Board teaching the child to read the only language it spoke, within school hours, he would be probably dismissed. This is practically "forbidding" the schoolmaster to teach Irish, as Dr. Hyde puts it.

The other statement made by Dr. Hyde that the child "is forbidden to be taught one word of Irish history" was, when Dr. Hyde wrote (his colophon is dated an fithcheadh lá Jughnasa 1898) absolutely and notoriously true, for I venture to say that not a single schoolmaster under the National Board could, at the time Dr. Hyde wrote, have ventured, without instant loss of his place if caught by the Board's inspector, to make an attempt to teach his pupils the outlines of Irish history.

Since Dr. Hyde wrote, however (in fact about three months after the date of his colophon), the National Board *did* place Joyce's little "History of Ireland" upon the list of books which *might* be used under the Board. In this your reviewer is correct, but I would ask you is it fair to Dr. Hyde to deliberately accuse him of misrepresenting facts because he stated what was notoriously the case at the time that he wrote it?

There was one point regarding the linguistic revival in which I thought that Dr. Hyde might possibly have been mistaken. It is the picture he draws of the extraordinary attitude of Trinity College, which poses as the national university, towards the national language. I did not think it possible that the Irish Professorship

in Trinity College was an appanage of the Divinity School (founded as Dr. Hyde states and paid by a society not for the cultivation of Celtic literature, but by one for the conversion of Irish Papists through the medium of their own language) because I thought that College had been secularised.

Dr. Hyde's statements about the National Board I know to be correct, and as your reviewer, who appears to be interested in Trinity College—judging from how he goes out of his way to tell us of the great men educated there—has not challenged this statement, I suppose that I, who am ignorant of the exact facts, may accept it, incredible as it sounds, as accurate also.

I thought it well to write this letter, which I hope you will publish, in order to correct any misapprehensions upon an important subject which may have arisen from a careless perusal of what was said by your reviewer.

I am, yours faithfully,

WALTER CONWAY, P.P.

[We have great respect for the work of the parish priests in Ireland, so that we the more regret that one of them should be so ill acquainted with the facts as to Irish elementary education as Father Conway's letter seems to show him to be. For more than forty years the Commissioners have recognised the importance of utilising the vernacular in the education of Irish-speaking pupils wherever possible or practicable, and for fifteen years at least the following note has appeared in their printed code:—"If there are Irish-speaking pupils in a school, the teacher if acquainted with the Irish language should, whenever practicable, employ the vernacular as an aid to the elucidation and acquisition of the English language." Again, for fifteen years reading books in Irish have been on the Board's list, and there are now on the list three readers in Irish, an Irish grammar, and a series of "Simple Lessons in Irish," consisting of four books. Moreover, for more than twenty years the Commissioners have paid results fees for the proficiency of pupils in the Irish language, the fee being at the present time 10s. per child.

As to the teaching of Irish history, neither in 1898 nor at any previous time in the history of national education would such an assertion as Dr. Hyde's be "absolutely or notoriously true," and at no period would Father Conway's observation regarding the dismissal of a schoolmaster for teaching Irish history, pure and simple, be even remotely true. For very many years Sullivan's geographies have been approved books for use in National schools, and these books contain outlines of Irish history which could be and were freely taught to National school pupils. Moreover Dr. Hyde cannot be familiar with, and Father Conway, as an experienced manager of National schools, must be woefully unacquainted with, the reading-books published by the Board in which such lessons as the life of Edmund Burke, the Pagan antiquities of Ireland, the Christian antiquities of Ireland, S. Patrick's treatment of the Bards, Clonmacnoise, &c. occur, when he endorses Dr. Hyde's allegation that it is forbidden to teach one word of Irish history in National schools.

The outlines of Irish history in Sullivan's books are no doubt meagre, and the lessons in the Board's reading-books somewhat colourless, and it was the difficulty of finding a history of Ireland that would be acceptable to the various elements, social and political, of which the Irish population is composed, that rendered them so. But when Dr. Joyce produced his small "History of Ireland," the Commissioners were at length satisfied that they had found a work that they could with safety *recommend* to all classes of children who attended their schools. It is entirely untrue, however, to say that it was not until Joyce's book was put on the Board's list that the teaching of Irish history was permitted.—ED. S. R.]

DISASTERS AT SEA AND THEIR CAUSES.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Shipping Telegraph Offices, Liverpool,
27 June, 1899.

SIR,—Only on my return from a pleasure cruise have I seen the further correspondence which my criticism of

"Hopeful's" opinions has evoked. As Sir Richard Williams Bulkeley has so fully met the particular contentions of "Hopeful" there is no need to further refer to them, but I may (without offence I trust) refer to the general complaint as to the very conservative attitude adopted towards inventors, by pointing out that any objection to such a policy only holds good in case of useful inventions and, therefore, if "Hopeful" would use the fact as an argument he must assume that his suggestion is a valuable discovery—the very point on which this discussion turns.

I am quite aware of the serious number of strandings annually recorded arising from many causes and having varied results from a tow off on a rising tide to a "Mohegan" case. At the same time my remarks as to the safety of navigation were expressed relatively and not absolutely, and if the total number of voyages of our mercantile marine during the year were taken into the account, the ratio of disaster would be found so small, I venture to assert, as to fail to justify the expense of adopting "Hopeful's" scheme. I will go further and assert that out of the strandings recorded in any year not one would be prevented by an alarm sounded 1,000 yards from a reef, at least as regards ocean steamers of modern dimensions.

Finally "Hopeful" should realise the impossibility of eliminating the human factor in navigation. Suppose a careless crew forgot to lower the grapples or—to take even the case of the Marine Sentry (which is about the best of such contrivances)—one can quite conceive the master of a Geordie "tramp" omitting to use the apparatus even if he had taken the trouble to bring one aboard. Even on an Atlantic liner a captain does not care to acquire a reputation amongst his officers for being an "old woman" by taking precautions which should not be required if the ship's position was marked off correctly.

The question of preventing disasters is one which would exhaust columns of your valuable space and therefore I refrain from suggesting various specifics which may be summed up as schemes for the fuller use of such safeguards as already exist.—Your obedient servant,

J. P. DAVIES.

ON THE EDGE OF THE EMPIRE.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Sialkot, the Panjab, 7 June, 1899.

DEAR SIR,—I have only just received cuttings of your criticism of "On the Edge of the Empire," together with my partner Mr. Edgar Jepson's letter on the subject with the editorial note. I beg to say that I do appreciate Mr. Jepson's "chivalrous championship," which you are pleased to sneer at. I am not able to express myself in any style of my own and I leave that to Mr. Jepson, in whose judgment I place implicit confidence. I think he is quite right; because it seems to me that, when there is only one way to tell an Indian story and that way invented by such a master as my old friend Kipling, the wisest thing to do is to adopt that way. I am quite sure that Kipling will not "detect" any "parody." As for exchanging form for material, that was hardly my own idea, because I was only one out of thousands who supplied material. The form has become a necessity because in no other way can "India" be rendered into "England," and I am afraid that Kipling must be content to suffer in much the same way as Scott and Dickens and Thackeray do to this day. In his early days he was always being compared to Præd for reasons I never understood then nor since. The impression produced on me by your critic is that he opened the book at the end of the horrible story of "The Honour of a Banniah," and that without reading more than the last two sentences he shut up the book and wrote to please his pen with smart sentences at the expense of base imitators in general. No doubt he was overdone with work at the time and thought he could do a safe "skip." Perhaps the critic was a woman. In which case it does not matter. If it was a man his statements are untrue as to the use of bad language, excessive use of Hindustani, and a "spoonful of local colour;" as he would have seen if

he had taken the pains to read even two stories out of the lot. I don't think Mr. Jepson is any more disposed to "whine" than I am at unfavourable criticism. But I object to irresponsible and untrue statements. Let us have the real faults pitched into as hot as you please, but play the game fair.—Yours sincerely,

DAVID BEAMES.

"MAX" ON THE FRENCH LANGUAGE.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Ostend : 28 June, 1899.

SIR,—The argument of "M. B." as to association and suggestion in languages has undoubted force, but in spite of it, surely all who are familiar with French must feel that "Max" is in the right.

In such a question there can of course be no proof positive, but I can at least bring an instructive testimony to the poetical quality of the English language in the opinion of Mr. Santayana of Harvard, U.S.A. A Spaniard by birth and early associations, educated in America, and a good linguist, classic and modern, his estimate is as likely to be impartial as any. As the writer, moreover, of some exquisite English verse, his opinion that for words of intrinsic poetical quality English is the richest language should have the value of that of a craftsman on his material.—I am, sir, yours, &c.

E. H.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—"M. B." is far too sure. It should have given him pause when such a critic as Matthew Arnold felt a line from Shakespeare a relief after a French Alexandrine. To suppose that the line was a relief to Matthew Arnold merely because it was in English is to beg the question. "M. B." seems to think that any one language is as good as any other, and that each man, critic or uncritical, likes his own best. But it is far otherwise. English is in itself a far mightier language than French, because it has two sources, French only one. French is an essentially emasculated tongue. It is, in fact, pigeon-Latin. What is *beaucoup*? In the last resort it is *bonus colaphus*. When a Frenchman says a girl is "*beaucoup belle*" he is using Latin as a Chinese would be using English if he called her "good-whack good." If English should cease for two thousand years to be a spoken language, it might survive in pigeon-English, and "M. B." might find unearthly echoes in the pigeon-English version of a silly enough poem in English. "Dat nightey time come on chop chop" might possess "identity and association" for one to whom the language in which Longfellow wrote "The shades of night were falling fast" had become a dead language. But still it would be in itself a poor language, because it had a low and bastard origin. Within limits the same is true of modern French. The Bible in French is trivial. Handel was inspired by the words "The Lord God omnipotent reigneth." The French, which I suppose would be "*Le Dieu Seigneur tout-puissant règne*," would have left him cold. Why? Because modern French is merely the corruption of Latin. English has added to her own wealth the resources of Latin, and hence we have such thunderous lines as

"No, this my hand will rather
The multitudinous seas incarnadine,
Making the green one red."

It is this fusion of English with Latin (but little modified) which has given to our speech its unapproachable grandeur. The German who thought "*Heimath*" a finer word than "home" and "*Mutter*" better than "mother" was just mistaken, as all of us often are, and as "M. B." is. The nurse who thought "*oui*" was a paltry word was quite right, as anyone will see who looks up its origin (its *dossier*) in Littré. "M. B." seems to think that all languages are much of a muchness, and that one word is as good as another. I hold a quite different opinion. I think "sword" is as much a finer word than "*épée*" (corruption of the vulgar *spada*) as an average earl is a finer creature than an average foundling.—Yours, &c.

R. Y. TYRRELL.

REVIEWS.

AN AMERICAN ON DEMOCRACY.

"The Lesson of Popular Government." By Gamaliel Bradford. New York: The Macmillan Company; London: Macmillan. 1899.

WE should not be surprised if this very able and candid examination of the working of the American Constitution became the standard book on the subject. We can strongly recommend it to all serious students of modern politics both for its exhaustive treatment of details and its frank admission of defects, so unusual in American writers. Mr. Bradford may almost be said to "hold the field." For Mr. Bryce's "American Commonwealth," though clever, of course, and well written, has the insuperable disadvantage of being compiled by a foreigner, whose information must of necessity be second-hand. Mr. Woodrow Wilson's book on "Congressional Government," striking and informative as it is, has never been as widely read as it deserves, and now it is not up to date. The "Lesson of Popular Government" is a revelation of the view which a cultivated Bostonian, who is also a man of the world, takes of his own institutions; and very instructive reading it is.

We treat this book as an exposure of the weaknesses of American democracy; for though Mr. Bradford devotes about a third of his thousand or so pages to the study of democracy in Europe, we mean nothing disrespectful by the remark that on this part of his subject Mr. Bradford says nothing that has not been said already. His treatment of democratic developments in France and England is inevitably little more than a commentary on Taine, Bagehot, Maine, Lecky, and Bodley. Democracy is successful in England mainly because the Government is an executive committee of the legislature, to which it is responsible. Ours is essentially, though not apparently, personal government, and, as has often been remarked, the people understand persons more easily than ideas. The tremendous power of dissolution, which is vested in the Prime Minister, enables the Government to maintain discipline in the House of Commons, and gives to our administrations that stability, which the French Ministries lack. But there is another reason why a democratic suffrage works wells in Great Britain, a reason unavowed, and of which the majority of Britons are unconscious. If ever there was a contradiction of the proverb about new wine and old bottles, it is to be found in our Constitution. We escape the evils from which the French and Americans suffer, because the wine of the nineteenth century has been poured into the skins of the eighteenth century. England is still an aristocratic country; the House of Lords is powerful and popular, precisely because it is not elected, does not talk, and is not too clever. Subordination is necessary for successful government, and in the United States, where every man is as good as his neighbour and "a darned sight better," there can be no subordination. In France there is the same absence of settled rank and precedence, the same lack of authority, and the same confusion of power as in the United States. Thus we find in France the army, the government, the courts of Justice, and the President all warring at intervals with one another. Apart from the question whether the Frenchman's nature is or is not suited to parliamentary government, which Mr. Bodley has discussed with so much ability, the two main defects in the machinery of the French Constitution appear to be that the Prime Minister, or president of the council as he is called, has not the power of dissolving the chamber of deputies, and that the executive parts with its most important functions, notably that of controlling the national finance, to committees and bureaux of the legislature. But a disquisition on European democracy is a threadbare theme, as we have observed; and we leave this part of Mr. Bradford's subject with the remark that no government can govern, which has not the control of the purse and the legislature.

This of course is just what the American government has not. America is governed by legislatures, which are without leaders, and consequently without discipline,

or organisation of any kind. There are two parties, it is true, but though the machinery for getting the party candidates elected is as perfectly adapted to its end as any in the world, there is no difference of principle between the Republicans and the Democrats—it is a mere question of who shall get the most in places, concessions, or money. If we can imagine the House of Commons without the Government sitting on one side of the table and without Her Majesty's Opposition on the other, with no leaders, in fact, on either side, and with every one of the 670 members proposing and pushing bills of his own, we get a tolerable idea of the American legislature, from the Senate and the House of Representatives down to the State legislature. Jealousy of the executive seems to have been the predominant fear of the framers of the American Constitution, for the whole machinery of government is carefully kept away from that of law-making.

The President of the United States is an unhappy cross between a Sovereign and a Prime Minister. He is neither allowed to reign with dignity, nor to govern with effect. How can he govern? His Ministers are not allowed to sit in either House of Congress: he initiates no legislation; and he has no control over the finances. The depth of absurdity with regard to finance is reached by the American system, for one committee of the House deals with the revenue, and another with the expenditure, and the latter has only too often no relation to the former. Even the treaty-making power of the President is liable to be defeated by the Senate, which can by a two-thirds majority refuse to ratify a treaty. From time to time the President sends "a Message" to Congress asking them to appropriate money for a certain purpose, or to propose certain legislation. But sometimes the presidential message is ignored, and sometimes it is nullified by intrigue or obstruction. The President is therefore obliged to have recourse by his agents to "lobbying" in order to carry on the government of the country. "The only superiority which the President possesses over any private schemer," Mr. Bradford tells us, "is in the use of offices. With these he can buy support. And evil as the effect of the practice has been and is, a system of civil service reform which should entirely withdraw the power of appointment from the President would reduce him to an absolute cipher in the government." There is another cause which contributes to reduce the President's position to one of helplessness, if not degrading, dependence. The expenses of his election are so enormous that he can hardly help being the instrument of those who find the money. We do not think it strange that few great, or even educated, men appear at the White House.

As we descend from the President to Congress the chaos and corruption grow worse. The Senate, Mr. Bradford informs us, has "fallen into complete anarchy." There are fifty-six standing committees of the House of Representatives, and each one of the 356 members may, if he pleases, offer 356 bills on any subject under the sun. "In fact from ten to twenty thousand bills and resolutions are so presented at every Congress." By unscrupulous "lobbying," and the ruthless use of the power of the Speaker, who is a mere party tool, certain bills are pushed through, which may be divided into two classes, those which are run by wealthy trusts and corporations, and those which are useless or inoperative. "A large part of the legislation is based upon no principle, is impracticable in operation, and wholly inconsistent with existing law and practice, while many mandatory statutes are without any effective penalty. Is this not a direct result of the fact that nobody who has anything to do with the making of laws is in the slightest degree responsible for their effect in operation, or for their consistency and coherence with the scheme of government already existing?"

Or consider this striking passage: "Since public office represents not something to do but something to get, a rapid rotation in the enjoyment of it is a logical consequence. Men are chosen, not for the public service which they are expected to render, but because the aspirants for office, knowing that they cannot all hold it at once, combine to make way for and support each other in turn. Of course with the number engaged in the game the innings must be short. That this

involves permanent rawness and inexperience in the legislator is a matter which receives very little consideration." In the State legislatures the member is a still lower type than the Congressman, and corrupt lobbying and reckless legislation are more rampant. The great commercial interests are driven to defend themselves from the law-makers by the only weapon at their command, namely, money; and Mr. Bradford's volumes are a deplorable revelation of the dishonesty and incompetence of government by legislatures. The ground-note of Mr. Bradford's book is that defective machinery, and not universal suffrage, is to blame for this state of things. His remedy is the substitution of individual responsibility for the anonymous impulse and intrigues of crowds, in short, the remodelling of the American Constitution upon British lines. We do not share Mr. Bradford's enthusiasm for universal suffrage, though we concede to him that it has not had a fair trial in the United States. Of one thing we are quite certain. Unless the Americans purify and strengthen their constitutional system by abolishing elective judges, and by seating the Government in the legislature, an economic and political catastrophe will befall them, so striking and tragic in its consequences as to discredit democracy throughout the world.

JOWETT AS PREACHER.

"Sermons, Biographical and Miscellaneous." By Benjamin Jowett. Edited by the Dean of Ripon. London: John Murray. 1899.

IN a recent "Publications of the Week" the Master of Trinity's biographical and other sermons were classified under the head of "Theology," but those of the late Master of Balliol, just below, with fine discrimination, under the heading "Miscellaneous." Certainly their author would not have wished his pulpit essays to be considered theological. Exposition of eternal verities seemed to him the most unjustifiable waste of time. "Christianity," says Dr. Jenkinson in the "New Republic," "really embraces all religions, even any honest denial of itself;" and doctrinal discussions are throughout this volume put before us as "mere oppositions of names." "Even the being of God may be implied in the words that deny Him." We are to revert to the child of nature in man, unsophisticated by creeds and churches, and educate him by noble examples, especially by the noblest of all. Dr. Jenkinson's memorable sermon in the private theatre hardly did justice to the limpid simplicity of his prototype's style, though the caricature as a whole was delightful. The Gospel as good advice is delivered by Jowett with placid taste and Hellenic dislike of brisk modern exaggeration and straining after effect. Righteousness overmuch and overmuch insight into heavenly mysteries are not more to be avoided than eloquence. One might almost call his parænetic manner pedestrian, with its obvious quotations and commonplaces of illustration, but for the gnomic pithiness and the real feeling which are never absent, and now and then a purple patch like the fine panegyric of mathematical science in the sermon on Professor Henry Smith. Nor was Jowett ever afraid of the incongruous. Who else could have juxtaposed Loyola and Disraeli in a sermon, or Gambetta and Tait?

To reduce Christianity to good sense and to shed the judicious daylight of the nineteenth century upon Revelation was his aim. But the Broad Church hagiology is not to be merely Laodicean. Here are sermons on dreamers and enthusiasts like Wycliffe, Bunyan, Baxter, Pascal, Wesley, and the soldier-saint who founded the Jesuit order. All of these, to be sure, even Loyola, were disliked by the orthodox clergy. But it was something besides this, it was their readiness to give up all for their convictions, that commended them to Jowett. Again and again the preacher contrasts the "attenuated" Christianity of our tolerant, humane, and progressive age, in which he thinks it unimaginable that anyone would be an actual martyr, with the intensity, the elevation of character, the ideal nobleness which gave birth to the great movements of the age of S. Francis and Joan the Maid. Had religious movements "waited for the approbation of

sensible men, the world would have remained as it was from the beginning to the end." Even to Tractarian Oxford he allows more character as well as more "aspiration and self-sacrifice." Institutions which are liberal, he laments, may also be indifferent.

Indifferentism then without indifference is his ideal. He wants sensible zealots who will not fight for forms of faith, but only for right conduct and the amelioration of the world. He holds that the dogmatic beliefs which inspired the saints and martyrs are separable accidents without which their love of God and man would have burnt as strongly and more purely. In this volume the Incarnation, the Cross, the Resurrection, the Holy Spirit and the Sacraments are ignored, nor is Christ once mentioned as a living object of adoring love or even of personal affection. A pious theism and belief in a future existence breathe through the sermons; but the idea that right practice can depend on any "faith once committed to the saints," or that Pauline and Augustinian doctrine can be of any real importance to the soul, is contemptuously dismissed. Yet the statements of the Creed are either true or not true. The Crucified either rose or He did not. The obstinately wicked will either be shut out for ever from God's presence or they will not. If it is "truth and justice" that matter, then these things matter, and to assert angrily that they are immaterial to our present life is not charity but folly. The warnings of Ebal are not less loud in the teaching of the Saviour than the beatitudes of Gerizim. Jowett himself censures (in speaking of Tract 90 and the Articles) "the injury done to morality by the attempt to undermine the obvious meaning of words."

There is always a suspicion of frost under the spring morning of Jowett's style, and it is natural that his almost cherubic benignity should sharpen into sub-malicious asperity whenever orthodoxy appears, which is pretty often, on the horizon of his remarks. The acid attack on his University opponents in the sermon on Tait must have been relished by the undergraduates, though not very edifying to them. But if orthodoxy is a conceivable form of intellectual view it has as much right to exist in the ideal Latitudinarian Church as any other. If a high churchman, let us say, sincerely holds that a Unitarian ought not to be entrusted with pastoral charge or official ecclesiastical position, and that the existing laws of the Church properly exclude him, why is he to be blamed for pointing this out or for voting against the man, so long as he proceeds straightforwardly and temperately? Hampden's bishopric is a case in point. Those, however, whom Dryden calls the "sons of breadth," hesitating as to whether "Intolerance," as an arguable principle, should be tolerated or persecuted, invariably decide to excommunicate it. Exclusiveness is excluded with acrimonious praises of Charity, and Liberalism authoritatively and with bell, book, and candle bans the idea of Authority. Thus anti-dogmatic doctrines are erected into rigid denunciatory dogmas, and, while all forms of sincere conviction are declared entitled to respect, an exception is made of that belief in the "none other Name" which is the heir of the ages. Moreover it is illogical to affirm in the same breath that morality is independent of creed, and that the orthodox creed teaches men to believe in an immoral Deity and inculcates a code of ethics which is not the highest.

However, we may turn from the "odium anti-theologism" of these pages to pay a parting tribute to the literary charm of the famous Master "beloved of all the younger gown," and that single-mindedness of which he speaks in the discourse on the author of "Pilgrim's Progress." Jowett is very interesting on Bunyan. Bunyan, by-the-bye, would have been very interesting on Jowett.

GERMANY IN THE NINETEENTH CENTURY

"Die geistigen und socialen Strömungen des neunzehnten Jahrhunderts." Von Theobald Ziegler. Berlin: Bondi. 1899.

SEVEN hundred and fourteen closely printed pages in large 8vo., giving an exhaustive account of the prevailing tendencies, intellectual, social, and economic, which have shaped the history of Germany from the

beginning of the present century to its end! The present instalment, moreover, by the Rector of the Strasburg University, is only a companion volume to nine others which are to follow, for each of which a writer of acknowledged standing has undertaken to be responsible, the whole being under the general direction of Herr Paul Schlenker who, now the literary director of the Vienna Burgtheater, makes dramatic art his subject.

The century opened, for Germany, in the intellectual sign of Goethe and of Kant. At their side, however, had risen, for good and for evil, the romantic school. The period of enlightened despots had died out with the Emperor Leopold II., better known to history as the reforming Peter Leopold, Grand Duke of Tuscany, whose tenure of the Empire was too brief to impress his individuality on that conglomeration of which Goethe, shortly before, had said:

"Das liebe heil'ge röm'sche Reich,
Wie hält's nur noch zusammen!"

And indeed it split up shortly enough after the curtain of the century had risen, and the storms of the Revolution, at first greeted with hopeful enthusiasm by many of the leaders of thought, had swept over portions of the fatherland, and Napoleon's heavy step had trodden the disjecta membra into chaos, not, however, without materially benefiting the Rhinelands by institutions more rational than they had possessed before. Political life was nearly dead in the other parts of Germany, and Frederic William III. was perhaps not the dulllest and most Philistine of her little army of rulers. The then incubating political life was mostly indirectly, sometimes directly, influenced by a long series of professional philosophers (still more by their occasionally rebellious pupils) beginning with Fichte and Schleiermacher, in whose schools the intellectual life of the nation which then had no other outlet concentrated. The storm against Napoleon arose, and with it the re-awakening of national feeling. The Congress of Vienna, by the creation of the German Confederation, failed to give any sufficient satisfaction to the aspirations which had been awakened. Still there were the promises of the Princes, made in their hour of utmost need, to endow the country with constitutional institutions and moderate guarantees for elementary liberty; promises most emphatically made by Prussia and most flagrantly broken by her, whilst they received some fulfilment in the smaller States, in Goethe's Weimar first and foremost, then in the South and part of the West of Germany. As a whole, Germany played no part in the world, and was unduly influenced by Russia, whilst the latter was more or less resisted by Austria and followed by Prussia. That was the Holy Alliance, so called, which Béranger's spirited verse desired to counterbalance by his "Sainte Alliance des Peuples." Agitations arose, more full of enthusiasm than wisdom; such was the Burschenschaft in the Universities. Repression ensued, Metternich the leader. Deadly dullness prevailed when, 1830, the "Sun of July" shone out, and the aspirations of the first French Revolution seemed to revive, unaccompanied by its crimes. Ineffectual movements pointed the way the next generation would strive to follow. Young Germany, Heinrich Heine at its head, led the minds in a forward movement, which, despite extravagances, meant progress. Again professional philosophers stirred up mental life, Strauss, Feuerbach, the Burs, and their schools, the left wing of the Hegelians, whose right wing became a crutch willingly accepted for the reactionary governments. The intellectual stir lasted for two decades. Side by side with it the Roman Catholic Church, in which the modern spirit had for a while been fermenting, asserted itself against the State in a series of conflicts with the Prussian Government. The dull King was followed by a lively but vacillating one, the romanticist Frederic William IV.—very little beloved by our author—who awakened great hopes, deceived them, and greatly irritated public opinion. Then came the Revolution of 1848. The representatives of All-Germany, including Austria, met at Frankfort. The present generation seems to have forgotten that, apart from the "Grundrechte," over which the first German parliament

spent too much time in consultation, two great tendencies were opposed then, as to the reconstitution of the fatherland: the Great Germans desiring to include Austria, the Little Germans conceiving, on a smaller area, a closer unity by the exclusion of Austria. The latter naturally brought Prussia to the top. It is the Little Germans who prevailed then—again in the forgotten Fürstentag of 1862, and finally by the war of 1866. The next thing however was the suppression of the insurrections of Dresden, in which Wagner played a part, in the Prussian Rhine provinces, in the Palatinate and Baden; and the re-establishment of the Federal Diet, which already had proved its insufficiency for good. Another period of bitter reaction and stagnation followed which lasted till about 1860. In it the nation found again her philosopher; it was Schopenhauer, who discrowned Hegel, and whose followers drew a queer comfort from pessimism. The predominance of Bismarck succeeded the wars of 1864 against Denmark, of 1866 against Austria and the Federal Diet, of 1870 against France; the new Empire, so different from the old, was established.

At the close of the century this new Empire seems prosperous in many ways—straining its nerves in military armaments—having established colonies, of which the greater part is worse than worthless—the country rapidly passing from a chiefly agricultural character to a widely manufacturing one—with extensive commerce and a great development of shipping. The favourite study of metaphysics is greatly replaced, not without the influence of Darwin, by that of natural science, which brought important discoveries. Socialism, long led by Lassalle, then by Marx, has made great strides, the sharp division between Socialists and Liberals tending to be healed by the efforts of Bernstein—anarchism, in the more philosophical, not the criminal sense, being by no means unknown—the power of the Roman Catholic Church, after, and greatly by, the so-called Kulturkampf, vastly increased—the last of the influential philosophers, Nietzsche, in a lunatic asylum and an anti-Semitic feeling growing in the country of Lessing. To sum up, not all parts of Germany being equally satisfied with the turn events have taken, the feeling of elation which characterised the years immediately following 1870 has unmistakably evaporated, while the evident tendency towards personal government and towards over-concentration at Berlin is resented by many persons and in various departments. Then the feeling towards neighbouring nations in some important cases, is not satisfactory, though, one may hope, improving.

The author, like most—not all—of his contemporaries, has taken his stand on the new Empire, but his fairness allows him to see the reverse of the shield. The constitution of the Empire—though it will not allow the old patriotic songs of his youth to be sung again without grave omissions—has his loyal adherence; but he does not overlook the fact that eight or ten millions of Germans have, by the unifying process, been handed over to be controlled by alien races. He is a patriot, yet not a Chauvinist. He values and sees the necessity of a strong army, but he animadverts against the intrusion of the military spirit into civil life by the Krieger-Vereine and the privileged position of the reserve officers; he admires Bismarck, but is not blind to the weak sides of the great man. He is loyal to Government, but severely blames the frequent prosecutions for lèse-majesté, the creation, thereby, of a set of "denunciants," and the Byzantine tone of a part of the press and the public. Himself at the head of his University he deplores much in the mode of life of the undergraduates, and the indulgence shown to their absurd drinking habits; he is for the State, but against the undue action of the bureaucrats; an individualist, he does not blind himself to the claims of Socialism. A Liberal and Moderate Radical, he is in favour of co-operation for practical improvements with the Socialists whom in the Bismarckian period it was thought wise to treat as parliamentary pariahs. Acknowledging the good parts of the young Emperor's character, he blames the tendency to personal government, and is indignant at the gravely misguided hostility which, at one time, was openly shown by some of the Emperor's friends and admirers against

the Empress Frederic; approving of colonies, he sternly reproves the misdeeds of certain small princely consuls.

A STORY WITHOUT A POINT.

"Modern England from the Reform Bill to the Present Time." By Justin McCarthy, M.P. London: Unwin; New York: Putnams. 1899.

WE sincerely trust that the fifty-second volume of "The Story of the Nations" is the last of the series, whose generally good reputation has already been sufficiently damaged by Mr. Justin McCarthy's pointless and careless compilations. There are two methods of writing history. One is the scene-painting method, which leaves a picture, correct or incorrect, on the mind, and of which Macaulay, Carlyle and Froude are the recognised masters; and there is the dry, informative method, which supplies facts without comment, and of which Hallam may be taken as the greatest practitioner. No one of course imagined that the volumes of the "Story of the Nations" would be written with the picturesqueness of a Carlyle or the erudition of a Hallam. But the public has a right to expect that the stories shall either present them with scenes from history which may stimulate their imagination, or with facts and details which may give them the chance of forming some opinion on the period. Mr. Justin McCarthy in the second of his volumes on Modern England, which embraces the sixty years from the great Reform Bill in 1832 down to the present day, gives us neither pictures nor statistics, he neither amuses nor instructs, but simply writes on in his vague, colourless, sketchy fashion. If the book had even been a rousing party pamphlet, from a Home Rule or Radical or any point of view, it might have been worth reading. But there is no point of view: politicians on both sides are treated in the same vein of mild laudation, and burning questions are dismissed in a few lines of drowsy impartiality. The performance is rather like that of a sleepy old judge, summing up after lunch on a hot afternoon, from notes he is too lazy to decipher. We are certain that Mr. McCarthy could have dictated the whole of this volume to an amanuensis with his eyes shut and without once consulting a book of reference.

We will give an instance of Mr. McCarthy's historical method, to show that our strictures are not too strong. Quite one of the most curious and interesting episodes of the post-Reform period, if not of the century, was the little coup d'état by which William IV. got rid of the Whigs and called in the Tories. We will first give the facts, and then Mr. McCarthy's account of them. On 9 July, 1834 Earl Grey resigned, and Lord Melbourne succeeded him as Prime Minister. In November Lord Spencer died, and his son Lord Althorp, who was Chancellor of the Exchequer and Leader of the House of Commons, had of course to go to the House of Lords. On 14 November Lord Melbourne submitted to the King certain changes he proposed to make in the Ministry in consequence of Lord Althorp's removal, when His Majesty informed the Prime Minister that he was of opinion that the business of the country could not be carried on by such an Administration, and that he had sent for the Duke of Wellington. The Whigs being literally turned out by William, the Duke of Wellington accepted office provisionally and advised sending for Sir Robert Peel, who was then in Rome. Sir Robert arrived in London on 9 December, formed his Government, issued the Tamworth Manifesto, dissolved Parliament on the last day of the year, failed to secure a working majority, and in April 1835 was defeated by Lord John Russell on a resolution to apply the surplus revenues of the Irish Church to secular education. After Sir Robert Peel's resignation Lord Melbourne was for the second time requested to form a Cabinet. A single sentence on page 40 thus deals with these events. "Lord Grey resigned office, and Sir Robert Peel came into power for a time, but another stage of the tithe question led to the fall of Sir Robert Peel's Administration, and the summoning to office of Lord Melbourne." This sentence contains three misstatements: 1. That Sir Robert Peel followed Lord Grey in office. 2. That Sir Robert Peel was beaten on the tithe question. 3. That

Lord Melbourne became Premier for the first time after Sir Robert's fall. The story of "the greased cartridge" is told in the following sentence: "The Sepoys complained, and were led to believe, that in certain of our military edicts we had disregarded some of the strictest principles of their religion, alike of the Mussulmans and of the Hindoos." Does that convey any sort of idea as to one of the alleged causes of the Indian Mutiny? The vagueness and inaccuracy of the facts are only equalled by the carelessness of the writing. "He was supported in the first instance of Lord George Bentinck:" "What did the Queen want of a trumpety new title?" We cannot help asking in conclusion for whom are such histories written? Whom do they instruct? Whom do they amuse? They neither inform the young nor revive the knowledge of the old: and the reading of them is not so pleasant an occupation as smoking, or knitting, or gazing upon the clouds.

RUPERT OF THE RHINE.

"Rupert Prince Palatine." By Eva Scott. Westminster: Constable. 1899.

WE share Miss Scott's surprise that a succinct biography of Prince Rupert has been delayed so long, but impatience finds a reward in her engaging relation of a career which has few to equal it in history for romance and the glamour of chivalry. Our only regret is that, carried away by a feminine admiration for the soft eyes and headlong courage of her hero, she sometimes does less than full justice to the motives of his rivals in the King's service, once even to the action of the King himself. Rupert's courage and character were surely sufficiently egregious to dispense with undue adulation. No doubt he meant well both at Marston Moor and at Bristol, but his zeal left him at fault in the one case and his discretion in the other. Nor is it well to plead on his behalf an extenuation which he himself never put forward and which cannot now find convincing evidence to support it. Apart from this isolated criticism, no impartial student can find any but the heartiest compliments for this graphic and entrancing monograph, which maintains an unflagging interest from cover to cover. No research has evidently been spared among the voluminous authorities, and the result appears in a cultured, vivid, and often eloquent style, which makes us acquainted with the living Rupert as no painter's canvas could do. It is especially in her little personal touches that Miss Eva Scott excels.

The Storm and Stress, which beset the Prince's whole career, began before he was a twelvemonth old. It was after the ill-starred attempt of his father, the Elector Palatine, to profit by the defenestration of Prague. "In the hasty flight the poor baby was forgotten; dropped by a terrified nurse," he was thrown into the last coach as it left the courtyard. His early youth was passed "in trouble, anxiety and poverty," but his education was not neglected, and, by the time he was twelve, "he could understand and be understood in all Europe." His mother taught him to love dogs, and to keep a stout, merry heart in adversity. Once "a dog, which the Prince loved," followed a fox to earth and did not reappear. He followed and caught the dog's leg but could not make his way back until his tutor appeared and "seizing him by the heels, drew out Prince, dog and fox, each holding on to the other." During his campaigns in England, he was always accompanied by a white dog, named Boye, which aroused the wrath of the Puritans. The Prince, whines one of their pamphleteers, "never sups or dines, but continually he feeds him. And with what think you? Even with sides of capons and such Christian-like morsels. . . . It is thought the King will make him Sergeant-Major-General Boye." Finally, when poor Boye, like many another faithful friend, fell at Marston Moor, the Prince was inconsolable, and the Parliamentary journals recorded the death with exultation, alluding to the deceased as "that accursed cur."

Rupert made his first campaign at the age of thirteen and soon exhibited those qualities of chivalry and endurance which ever after distinguished him. He was idolised wherever he went, and being presently sent to

the Court of England, engaged every heart there. The affection of his uncle, Charles I., was so warmly returned that Rupert was almost heart-broken when the time came to return home. "Being a-hunting that morning with the King, he wished he might break his neck, and so leave his bones in England." We will not follow him through his wars in Germany and England, where he seemed to bear a charmed life; nor in his romantic privateering off the coast of Africa and the West Indies, where he performed prodigies of seamanship in the face of the most appalling difficulties; nor as Charles II.'s admiral and the reorganiser of his navy. Miss Scott's narrative is too good to be condensed. But we must find space for an allusion to the less known side of his character. Amid a hard-drinking set, he was ever a pattern of sobriety; despite almost incessant poverty, he was intensely scrupulous as to the payment of every debt; though essentially a man of the sword, he found time and inclination for a devotion to art and science. He was the father of mezzotint engraving, if not the actual inventor; he was one of the first Fellows of the Royal Society; he made many improvements in fire-arms, and even invented a revolver; a composition of copper and zinc devised by him is known as "Prince's metal" to this day; in 1668 he had conceived a scheme for discovering the North-West passage. "Loyalty and strength were the keynotes of his character. Never did he break his given word; with friend and foe alike he scrupulously kept faith, and whatsoever he found to do he did it with all his might."

BLAKE AND TROMP.

"Letters and Papers relating to the First Dutch War, 1652-1654." Vol. I. Edited by Samuel Rawson Gardiner. Printed for the Navy Records Society. 1899.

IT would be difficult to over-estimate the value to the historian of the volumes which the Navy Records Society from time to time produce. Much that concerns our early naval history has hitherto been involved in obscurity owing to the absence of any attempt to seek out and put together in convenient shape matter of great interest, existing in private and public records. This is especially the case concerning the Dutch wars between 1652 and 1674; wars waged with great fierceness and varying success on both sides, until we finally secured victory and destroyed the commercial supremacy of our rival, obtaining at the same time recognition of the tribute we claimed for our flag.

This volume is taken up principally with the action which occurred between Blake and Tromp off Dover on the afternoon of 19 May, 1652, and the disputed point as to which side began the fight. The two countries were still at peace when Tromp appeared in the Downs with a large fleet. His instructions were to protect the commerce of the United Provinces and defend its ships from the right of search. Blake then commanding an English fleet in the Channel hastened to the spot, justly thinking such a force in our waters should be shadowed. Meeting Tromp, and claiming a salute by the lowering of the Dutch flag, he fired first one shot and then a second across the bows of Tromp's vessel as a reminder that the tribute was expected. The Dutch Admiral lowered his topsails and stated afterwards that a man had been sent aloft ready to lower the flag when a third shot came. Whether by accident or owing to ill direction seems uncertain, but Tromp asserted that this shot struck his vessel and wounded a man. Broadships followed, but as to which side fired the first, that is disputed by both; each laying the blame on the other. Here it has been generally accepted that Blake only returned the fire after a broadside had crashed through his cabin ports.

There is often a difficulty in arriving at the truth in these instances where squadrons meet under strained relations, the latest example perhaps being the battle of Navarino. Nor is the point of great importance, and it is sufficient to say that after a general action lasting until dark the contending fleets separated; the Dutch with the loss of two ships, while Blake's squadron remained intact though sustaining considerable damage. War between the two countries was, however pro-

claimed a few months later, and the great struggle began which lasted with brief intervals of peace for twenty-two years.

In default of any indication afforded by these letters of the organisation and tactics employed by Blake upon this occasion the interest centres more upon the causes which led to war. An examination of Dutch naval records at the Hague, together with material available in this country, has enabled Mr. Gardiner to show clearly the chief reason of conflict between the two countries. We had at this time a considerable foreign trade and sought to extend it. As Charles II. wrote to his sister at the Court of France in 1662—"the thing which is nearest the harte of the nation is trade and all that belongs to it." Up to the time of Cromwell the Dutch had been the principal carriers at sea, and the passing of the Navigation Act had been a blow to their commercial supremacy. But this measure of self-protection could not be a pretext for war, however unpleasant to Holland. Nor had the Dutch absolutely refused to pay the customary salute to English men-of-war, for Tromp in his letter of explanation to the States-General after this battle excuses himself for not striking his flag to Blake on the ground that he had never received formal orders to strike, while his narrative of the action shows he had some intention of doing so.

The real dispute was as to the rights of neutrals and belligerents; a grievance it may be noted which continued up to comparatively recent times. Though not actually at war with France our ships were capturing their traders in retaliation for a seizure of English shipping by French war vessels in the Levant a few years previously. Under a claim of the right of search and denial that the neutral flag protected the goods of an enemy, Dutch vessels had been boarded and French goods in them adjudged lawful prize by the English Courts. The determination to resist this led Holland to fit out the large fleet under Tromp with orders to defend the ships of the United Provinces from the right of visit or search, and prevent them being carried into foreign ports. Under these circumstances war between the two countries became inevitable and other causes were merely subsidiary. Later the struggle was extended to the gaining of maritime supremacy, and more light will doubtless be thrown on the shipping and tactics employed in succeeding volumes.

The Navy Records Society is to be congratulated on securing the services of such an able editor as Mr. Gardiner for this first instalment. He has collected a quantity of most valuable material now made public for the first time.

PHILOSOPHY IN BLINKERS.

"The Human Machine. An Inquiry into the Diversity of Human Faculty in its Bearings upon Social Life, Religion, Education, and Politics." By J. F. Nisbet. London: Grant Richards. 1899.

CUT off, a few weeks ago, in the prime of his intellectual power, Mr. J. F. Nisbet had lived long enough to formulate a philosophy that satisfied his mind—not long enough to realise that the dogmatic materialism he expounded had already become as obsolete as any of the superstitions he loved to denounce. The purpose of his posthumous work, "The Human Machine," is explained with unconscious pomposity in the sub-title which we cite above: the author was evidently unaware that it might be thought a rather summary proceeding to dispose of all human problems in less than three hundred loosely printed pages. The trick is easy enough—once you know how it is done. Of two extreme views choose one, and ignore whatever there is to be said on the other side. This method has been successfully adopted by Mr. Nisbet on, for instance, the ancient controversy as to Free Will or Necessity. Clearly enough he states all the difficulties inherent in Volitionism, but forgets to point out that, like Determinism, the doctrine is absolutely self-consistent. That, in fact, is the only merit of either. Where they both break down is that each is equally out of accord with

external phenomena and internal consciousness. So much as this has long been taken as common ground in every class-room and text-book, yet Mr. Nisbet fancied he had disproved the whole question by refuting one of two indefensible alternatives. This is how the aspiring young secularist used to argue in the fifties and the sixties when John Mill and G. H. Lewes represented—for the Mechanics' Institute—the sum of human thought.

We should do Mr. Nisbet an injustice if we left the impression that he had purposely overlooked inconvenient facts. In this particular kind of sciolism it is not candour that is lacking, but vision, imagination, and, above all, intellectual detachment. The Materialist sees what is before his eyes or under his feet—nothing around or above him. He goes in blinkers. Unhappily, the limitations shown in the treatment of the (supposed) issue between Free Will and Necessity run through the whole of Mr. Nisbet's writing on philosophical matters, and make it worthless as a treatise. The interest lies in the obiter dicta. When he forgets for the moment that he is working out a problem he gives free play to his natural shrewdness, and lets himself write like an accomplished, if somewhat snappy, journalist. He delights in shaking some popular belief; and is completely happy when he can pack a paradox into a paragraph. Take, for instance, his view of electoral purity. "I meet a fool in the street. He tells me he is going to vote for this or that candidate. I know, however, that for a drink he can be persuaded to vote on either side. Problem: What degree of respect am I supposed to entertain for what he is pleased to call his views?" Are we told that the direct purchase of votes has come to an end? What, then, of the pledges and promises made by candidates of every stamp? If they do not constitute a sort of bribery and corruption, and "just as pernicious a sort as the old," words have lost their meaning. So, again, with the general idea that a man who sits down with a book is doing something commendable. "By far the greater part of reading is indulged in by way of pastime. It is a fashion of the day. When it is more than that, it is a vice, like dram-drinking or cigarette-smoking, which people would be better without." Indeed, it is too often overlooked by eulogists of cheap literature and public libraries that the value of reading is to be measured by what there is in the book, what is got out of it, and (negatively) what other use would or could be made of the time.

Many of Mr. Nisbet's observations, even when unsound in themselves or incomplete, are stimulating and suggestive. Charity he analyses—on the familiar lines of Hobbes and his school—as "a movement designed to relieve or to gratify the feelings of the donor." On seeing a case of distress "we unconsciously enter into a calculation as to whether the sense of doing good is a fair equivalent for what we propose to deprive ourselves of." The obvious inadequacy of this view need not be insisted on here, especially as Mr. Nisbet elsewhere admits the reality of Altruism—as a result of the complex associations of modern life tending to modify the congenital egoism of the race. But he raises an attractive question when he mentions that "an animal of poorly developed brain will pass by a wounded and dying friend without feeling any charitable promptings whatever." There is a good deal of truth, too, in the distinction drawn between women in different classes of life as to their influence in affairs. The business man does not as a rule talk shop with his wife—he snatches a hurried breakfast, is away in the City all day, comes home tired, swallows a heavy meal, and goes to sleep over the evening paper. He is, in fact, "essentially undomesticated." But literary men, artists, and politicians spend a good deal of their time in female society. Their womankind, in consequence, are good talkers, well posted in all the intrigues and scandals and wirepulling in which their men folk are interested. "Well, they may be, since it is mainly they who carry on the underhand game." These are fair samples of Mr. Nisbet's casual observations, and on the whole his book may be recommended to persons who enjoy a semi-serious treatment of great problems, and like to have it enlivened with plenty of topical allusions to Mr. Arthur and Mr. Jabez Balfour, Mr. Rudyard Kipling, the fourth Marquess of Ailesbury, and the late Charles Peace.

A LEADER OF MEN.

"Lumsden of the Guides." By General Sir P. Lumsden and G. R. Elsmie. London: Murray. 1899.

THE adventurous career of the man who raised the Guides makes a story of stirring scenes and thrilling interest. To a great extent the authors have effaced themselves, and the tale is mainly told by the hero's letters. Harry Lumsden was gazetted to the 59th Bengal N.I. in 1838. Four years later he was on active service in Afghanistan; and by the time Sobraon was fought and won, he had become an experienced campaigner. Under Henry Lawrence—then British Resident at Lahore—he received his first civil appointment. Subsequently he was sent to Huzara; and before he had nine years' service he had commanded 3,500 men in two separate engagements, and had earned the thanks of the Government. But it is in connexion with the Guides that he is most likely to be remembered by posterity. In 1847 he was nominated to raise one troop of cavalry and two companies of infantry, and—what to any young officer worth his salt is still better—he was to have an absolutely free hand in his work. The *raison d'être* of the corps was to supply guides and interpreters to British and native troops when operating among the hill tribes. No better man than Lumsden could have been selected for the purpose. Not only was he a daring and experienced sportsman—to whom such work was a labour of love—but he also possessed a supreme capacity for leading men, which enabled him to obtain an overmastering influence over the turbulent elements he collected together. All the wild and warlike tribes—Afridi, Goorkha, Sikh, Pathan and others—were represented among his men. Robbers too of the most desperate character were enlisted. Yet under their commander's strong hand, they became a credit to the corps. All had implicit confidence in him, and none ever doubted the justice of his rule. The work of the Guides soon began. For one thing the hill robbers kept them fully occupied, and all lived—as previously all had been wont to do—with arms at their side ready for use.

After sixteen years' service, during which he had distinguished himself in the Afghan and Punjab wars and in all the border fights of the preceding ten years, Lumsden received a well-earned brevet majority. By an unlucky turn of fate, he was debarred from leading his Guides through the Indian Mutiny. It happened in this wise. At the beginning of 1857 the Amir Dost Muhammad bound himself to keep up a certain force for the defence of Afghanistan against Persia. It was then settled that a British mission should proceed to Candahar to see the arrangement properly carried out, and to act as advisers to the Amir if necessary. Lumsden, his brother, and Dr. Bellew were selected. The undertaking, which was a highly responsible one, was attended with no little risk. Under ordinary circumstances it would have been the very work an enterprising soldier would have gloried in. But, as events turned out, it must have been more than tantalising to be detained in Afghanistan, while the great tragedy was being enacted in India. Still it must have been some consolation for Lumsden to hear how splendidly the Guides were behaving. Moreover the services which at this time he rendered his country were of inestimable value. Life at Candahar at first was dull. But when the news arrived of the outbreak at Meerut, and the massacre at Delhi, the excitement became intense. Sympathy generally was with the mutineers; and the Afghan mullahs added fuel to the fire by preaching that an alliance with the British amounted to infidelity to Islam. Still Dost Muhammad declared his fidelity to Britain, and intimated that it was to Lumsden that he looked for advice in his difficulties. Meanwhile the little band of British officers received news from India in a series of brilliant letters from Herbert Edwardes—the Commissioner at Peshawar—which alone would be sufficient to make any book interesting. Needless to say Lumsden attempted to procure the recall of his mission. But it was not till May 1858 that he was permitted to leave Candahar. As a reward for his services he was promoted lieutenant-colonel and awarded a C.B. After serving as second-in-command in the Waziri expedition,

and commanding the Hyderabad contingent, he left India to return no more. It seems strange that a man who had been so highly thought of—one governor-general said of him, "a better and braver soldier never drew sword"—should not have held some great command, or received a high military decoration. As it was his K.C.S.I. and C.B. were given for political work from which he would gladly have escaped. His services in the Huzara expedition were never properly represented, for his modesty was always great. Perhaps too another reason why his work did not obtain more adequate recognition is to be found in a certain independence of character, and hatred of "red-tape" and official returns which provided cause for friction, and which eventually may have had the effect of leaving him out in the cold.

THE ANGLO-SAXON.

"The Anglo-Saxon Review: a Quarterly Miscellany." Edited by Lady Randolph Spencer Churchill. Vol. I., June 1899. London: Lane.

LADY RANDOLPH CHURCHILL bids fair to succeed as an editor. With competent assistance on the mechanical side, there is no reason why she should not give the world a quarterly which for elegance and matter would leave little to be desired. Her first number however can only be pronounced a qualified success. It will appeal rather to "the millionaire parvenu," whose delight in his diamonds, his palaces and his dinners it characterises with caustic brevity, than to the man of taste. It is a not unworthy exponent of the Anglo-Saxon propaganda—the name, by the way, will be a constant offence to the ethnologist. The idea of an Anglo-Saxon reunion in its inception appealed as a noble sentiment to minds which have rejected it in the light of reason and facts. Lady Randolph Churchill's Review will please the eye at a first glance, but closer examination, the examination which she invites, will show that its merits are largely superficial. The cover is not all that it seems. It was hardly felicitous to choose a distinctly French binding, though originally designed for an English king, for an Anglo-Saxon Review; the back is abominable and quite incongruous, and the general effect is injured by being blockwork instead of hand tooling. The paper and the plates are excellent, but editorial details have not been too carefully considered. Lord Rosebery writes on the latest biography of Sir Robert Peel. Everyone to-day will know that he is dealing with the work of Mr. Parker, but there is no suggestion to that effect in the opening reference to the volumes. Ten years hence the beginning of the article will be mere mystification. Again, the portrait of Georgina, Duchess of Devonshire, "Fox's Duchess," is placed in the midst of "A Mezzotint" by Sir Frank Swettenham, a sketch dealing with the typical woman of the Malay peninsula. Possibly this is the editor's subtle way of lending point to Sir Frank's assertion that the Malay woman has feminine instincts, qualities and characteristics which do not greatly differ from those common to others of her sex more happily circumstanced. Miss Elizabeth Robins in "A Modern Woman born 1689" seems to be of opinion that because some of her friends know nothing of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, ignorance on the subject is universal. Mr. Swinburne is rather late in the day with his Centenary Poem on the battle of the Nile. Mr. Whitelaw Reid, writing on some consequences of the last treaty of Paris, pulls the reader up short in the opening sentences by a portentous allusion to the fact that Jefferson's ideal has been realised: Briton and American have once again fought side by side. If for a moment the reader wonders whether Rip Van Winkle's mantle has fallen upon him, he will be reassured when the émeute in Samoa recurs to his memory. As an experiment the review is of exceeding interest; its costliness is intended to be an incentive to its preservation; it is questionable whether it contains more than a single article which will demand reperusal; the exception is Lord Rosebery's Peel, and to that we purpose drawing attention on another occasion.

NOVELS.

"The Arm of the Lord." By Mrs. Comyns Carr. London: Duckworth. 1899.

Mrs. Comyns Carr's theme is familiar: the moral ruin of a high-spirited, joyful young creature, a girl in this particular case, by the cruel suppression of its natural desires and emotions at the hands of a fanatical grandfather, her guardian, whose religion is a revolting compound of cruelty, ignorance, arrogance and egotism, generally dubbed Calvinistic. Such a character as Jesse Maddams, the old Wesleyan farmer (there are Calvinistic Wesleyans), flourished more abundantly forty years ago, the period of the tale, than we hope and believe it does now. Probably there is not the danger there was in the old Evangelical days of excessive religious severity working its dire effects upon our Nancy Maddams; who are exposed to a quite different kind of risk. But did piety, however abnormal, ever take such a grotesque form that a grandfather, who in his heart loved his beautiful granddaughter, could threaten her with expulsion from her home unless by a certain fixed date she "found grace" and became "converted"? Marriage as an additional means of sanctification we can more easily conceive of as an idea occurring to a man of old Maddams' character, though the proposed husband to be forced on the disgusted bride was a contemptible creature even in the eyes of the contriver of it himself. Such tragical stupidity, as may be supposed, makes irritating reading. There is no love interest as set-off against the gloomy study of the ferocious religionist. The betrayal of the heroine only figures as a punishment for the spiritual pride of the old man; and this topic overshadows all other interests. The fault of the story is its lack of appeal to our sympathies. Its catastrophe only seems a warning against a false theory of religion, and not the natural consequence of purely human action.

"The Dolomite Cavern." By W. Patrick Kelly. London: Greening. 1899.

First of all, the dolomite cavern had very little to say to the matter. The book ought to be called "Was she so very innocent? or the Designing Doctor." Secondly, the author will be well advised in his future efforts to avoid such excessively funny prefaces. The facetious appeal to the reader and the engaging confession of the manuscript's many rejections prepared us for a feeble book. The plot is rather ingenious and the style pleasant. All the "sensation" at the start, relating to the old woman, and her sleeping-draught, has nothing particular to do with subsequent events. Otherwise the book is not badly put together.

"Postle Farm." By George Ford. Edinburgh and London: Blackwood. 1899.

The merits of "Postle Farm" are such as deserve full recognition. In the pathetic romance of the lives of Cathie, the Devonshire farm-girl, and Temple her passionate lover there is a close fidelity to nature. The story is of real human interest. The character of Cathie, with her ardent craving for and pursuit after knowledge, is an attractive and thoughtful study; a fine revelation of the strength of pure womanhood. The rapidity of her emancipation from her wild Devonshire dialect is perhaps improbable, but to take exception thereto would be hypercritical.

"Espiritu Santo." By Henrietta Dana Skinner. London and New York: Harpers. 1899.

One is getting tired of novels in which the dangers of operatic life are contrasted with the ideals of Roman Catholicism, and of which "Espiritu Santo" is an example. The story is pretty—with the prettinesses of Continental gewgaws—and sentimental.

NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

"The Life of Nelson. The Embodiment of the Sea Power of Great Britain." By Captain A. T. Mahan. Second edition, revised. London: Sampson Low. 1899.

The approval almost universally bestowed upon Captain Mahan's "Life of Nelson" has encouraged the publishers to issue a second edition in a single volume. In his preface to

(Continued on page 26.)

[FIRST ANNOUNCEMENT TO READERS OF "THE SATURDAY REVIEW."]

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Eight sumptuous volumes; 7,000 large quarto pages; 500,000 definitions; 7,500 illustrations; 300,000 quotations: a work of which the editorial cost, alone, was more than £200,000.

THE proprietors of *THE TIMES* have, within recent years, greatly extended the scope of that newspaper's operations. The impression of *THE TIMES* which appears at four o'clock in the morning is now followed not only by a second edition, published at half-past one in the afternoon, chiefly for circulation in the City; by *THE MAIL*, published three times a week, and by *THE TIMES WEEKLY EDITION*; but also by *LITERATURE*, a critical review which appears every Saturday.

The publication of occasional biographies, annual summaries, and other monographs, reprinted from the columns of *THE TIMES*, has been followed by the publication of a series of periodical law reports and digests of cases, as well as by the half-yearly "Issues," an account of newly-organised public companies.

Four years ago *THE TIMES ATLAS* was published, to which *THE TIMES GAZETTEER* has recently been added. And in March, 1898, *THE TIMES REPRINT OF THE ENCYCLOPÆDIA BRITANNICA* (9th edition) was offered to the public. In the course of only one year, more than 18,000 copies—450,000 volumes—of this standard work have been sold by *THE TIMES*.

A NEW WORK OF REFERENCE.

The undertakings of *THE TIMES* are now further extended by the issue of *THE CENTURY DICTIONARY*, a word-book and fact-book combined, at once the most complete lexicon of the English language and the most convenient encyclopædic work of reference for the purpose of quickly arriving at isolated facts.

Peculiarly useful as a dictionary to the possessors of the *Encyclopædia Britannica* (which indeed contains not less than 10,000 words which no previous dictionary had defined), *THE CENTURY DICTIONARY* is also a most convenient adjunct to the *Encyclopædia Britannica* from another point of view. The exhaustive treatises in the *Encyclopædia Britannica* discuss groups of facts. They are the best monographs in the language, and the reader who has an hour's time to spend will always find in the *Encyclopædia Britannica* a clear and agreeably written account of any branch of art, science, or history which he desires to investigate.

FOR BUSY MEN AND WOMEN.

THE CENTURY DICTIONARY, on the other hand, divides the vast structure of knowledge into a greater number of compartments, enabling the reader to find, with the least loss of time, any one item of information at which he may desire to arrive; to examine, so to speak, the contents of any one pigeon-hole without handling the papers of any other pigeon-hole. The *Encyclopædia Britannica* invites the reader to contemplate broad gardens of knowledge, while *THE CENTURY DICTIONARY* presents to his hand whichever one of the individual flowers he happens at the moment to want.

Such is the relation between the two books, if *THE CENTURY DICTIONARY* be regarded as a fact-book.

As a word-book, it is incomparably the best dictionary in existence. The New English Dictionary will no doubt be of very great value, and especially to philologists, when it is completed ten years hence; but, meantime, *THE CENTURY DICTIONARY* is the largest as well as the most comprehensive and beautifully illustrated lexicon of the English language. It completes, in the most admirable fashion, *THE TIMES LIBRARY OF REFERENCE*, and it will no doubt find its way to the shelves of every well-chosen library, however modest.

NOW, RATHER THAN LATER.

There is, however, in this connection, a very relevant question, as to the desirability of procuring the work as soon as possible. Book-buyers have learned by experience that most books are at first offered in an expensive form, and later in a cheaper guise at reduced prices. The novel published last year in three volumes, at a guinea and a half, may be had this year for six shillings; the book of travel which cost fifteen or eighteen shillings a few months ago is to be procured to-day, by those who waited patiently, for half the price. *THE TIMES* has, however, in its issue of the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, and of *THE CENTURY DICTIONARY*, broken away from this tradition. It offered the first few thousand copies of the *Encyclopædia Britannica* at 20 per cent. less than the price at which many thousands of copies

were subsequently sold. Those who promptly ordered their copies had the benefit of the minimum prices. They took the trouble to act as soon as the offer was made, and those who waited were compelled either to do without the work or to pay more for it.

THE SECRET OF THE BARGAIN.

In the case of *THE CENTURY DICTIONARY*, a limited edition was offered, a few weeks ago, for £13, in half Morocco binding, or thirteen monthly payments of one guinea each: little more than half the publishers' price. That price still obtains, and any reader who at once applies to *THE TIMES* for a copy of the work may benefit by this temporary arrangement. The best way to introduce a really good work of reference is to sell as quickly as possible, without regard to immediate profits, a limited edition of it; for, if the book will speak for itself, every copy that finds its way to any house supplies a most eloquent and unanswerable advertisement. This is what is now being done with *THE CENTURY DICTIONARY*. But the price will be increased as soon as the remaining copies of this first edition have been exhausted, and there is now so little time to lose that those who intend to procure the work at the present prices will do well to make immediate use of the order form.

A ROYAL ROAD.

The old saying that there is no royal road to learning is a wholesome maxim for nursery use. The first marches upon that laboured route must necessarily be difficult, for the power of rapid and accurate comprehension can only be acquired by vigorous preliminary discipline. The long way—league upon league of cube root, irregular verbs, and the catalogue of kings and queens—hardens the muscles once for all, and those who shirk in the shady by-paths never acquire a sturdy gait. When, however, the end of the broad high road is reached, the conditions of the journey are greatly altered. The professional man has his mountain to face: the distant summit to be attained by the few, the hill pastures of moderate success by the many. For all the rest of us, further progress is not obligatory. If we read books worth reading, and read them intelligently, we get more out of life than if we confine our energies to the gaining or spending of money, but no very strong incentives impel us.

"GENERAL INFORMATION."

In the course of the more or less desultory progress toward the position occupied by what one calls "well informed" men and women, we are all at liberty to select our own itineraries. And good books of reference unquestionably offer us a royal road to this supplementary sort of learning. Once at the end of the prescribed route, there is no reason why we should not stray at will, and be the better for our little excursions, if only we pause to examine what we see about us. It is this habit of observing, of questioning, of verifying, that we need to cultivate. But it is a habit which those who have completed the tasks of routine education are not likely to acquire, unless the way is made very smooth for them.

NEW WORDS AND NEW FACTS.

It is in this connection that *THE CENTURY DICTIONARY* may be fairly considered to provide a royal road to learning—to that sort of learning which enables us to think intelligently and to talk intelligently about the current topics of the day. The occurrence in one's newspaper of an unfamiliar word, the mention of an unknown substance or an unknown process, arouses in the average reader's mind enough of curiosity to make him turn to a work of reference, if he knows that the information he desires will easily be found. But such casual invitations to the pursuit of knowledge are hardly strenuous enough to draw him among the bristling difficulties of special text books. He will learn a little if he is not afraid of having to learn too much; he will spend five minutes very profitably, if he is not afraid that he will be led to make too good a use of half an hour. With all the good will in the world one cannot learn everything there is to learn, and if, when we are confronted by any new fact, we learn only enough about it to understand a paragraph in a newspaper, or a page in a review, we are at any rate a little better off than if we had remained in outer darkness.

WHAT SOME EARLY PURCHASERS SAY ABOUT THE "CENTURY DICTIONARY," THE NEW WORK ISSUED BY *The Times*:

THERE have been published, in the columns of *THE TIMES*, since its issue of *THE CENTURY DICTIONARY* was first announced on May 8th, more than a hundred letters from purchasers of *THE CENTURY DICTIONARY*. It is impossible to reproduce them all in the limited space of this one advertisement, but a few representative letters from different classes of subscribers will show how general is the usefulness of the work.

These letters are not empty compliments. They are written by people who sent money to *THE TIMES*, expecting to receive from *THE TIMES* full money's worth. The point of view from which they regard the volumes of *THE CENTURY DICTIONARY* is not an indulgent one. When they unpack the volumes they are quite prepared to find fault if there is fault to be found. There is none. They see that they made a good bargain; that they got even more for their money than they had hoped to get.

Such letters as these show, too, how the public use *THE CENTURY DICTIONARY*, and what they find in it. The opinions of the critics who review books for newspapers and magazines are, necessarily, the opinions of specialists. A work of reference may be of the utmost interest to them, and yet not be less directly adapted to the needs of the general reader.

Here we have the direct expression of the possessor's judgment upon the work—the opinion of the man who bought it to use, and finds it useful.

From a Privy Councillor.

54 Portland Place, London, W.
The *CENTURY DICTIONARY* is a masterpiece of condensation. An examination of it fills me with a strong sense of the care bestowed to insure accuracy. It is a work of exceptional value and utility, which I find most helpful in many ways.
(Signed) JAMES BRYCE.

From a Professor of Chemistry.

The Laboratory, 23 Euston Buildings, N.W.
I consider the *CENTURY DICTIONARY* a marvel of scholarship, of philological research, of fulness of definition and illustration. In these respects, in its completeness, and in its explanatory quotations, it far surpasses anything hitherto undertaken in our language. What has particularly struck me to find, in a general dictionary, is the vast number of scientific and technical words, and the fulness and accuracy of their definition.
In short, the *CENTURY DICTIONARY* is a necessary and most worthy adjunct to the *Encyclopædia Britannica*.
(Signed) CHARLES GRAHAM.
May 26th, 1899. Professor of Chemical Technology.

From a Physician.

Melrose House, Ryde, I. of Wight.
The *CENTURY DICTIONARY* is quite perfect.
(Signed) ALEXANDER G. DAVEY, M.D.
May 22nd, 1899.

From a Barrister.

11 New Square, Lincoln's Inn.
I have carefully examined and tested my copy of the *CENTURY DICTIONARY* and am satisfied. It supplies a want I have long felt. As a barrister, it is frequently my duty to reduce into accurate language instructions conveyed in general terms, and sometimes embracing unfamiliar words connected with some science or manufacture, and which would not be found in an ordinary dictionary. I have always found the information I have sought, conveyed in language lucid and accurate, though condensed—illustrated in many cases by beautifully-executed cuts.
(Signed) EDWARD BRODIE COOPER.
May 25th, 1899.

From a Solicitor.

6 and 7 King-William Street, E.C.
I have had the Dictionary for only a few days, but I already value it very highly. I frequently have to draw up agreements which demand minute accuracy of language. In this connexion the *CENTURY DICTIONARY* is of the greatest service, and I think that if Solicitors having a general business in the City knew how useful it was, they would all have the book in their offices.
(Signed) CHARLES M. TREVOR.
May 20th, 1899.

From a Statesman.

7 Cromwell Gardens, S.W.
I am glad to express the opinion that the *CENTURY DICTIONARY* appears to be a monument of skilled and well-directed industry, and an exceedingly useful and valuable addition to a library—in fact, a work which is fully worthy of publication by *THE TIMES*.
(Signed) WM. DES VOEUX [Bart., G.C.M.G.]
June 3rd, 1899.

From an Engineer.

Edinburgh & Leith Corporation Gas Commrs.
Chief Engineer and Manager's Office,
New Street Works, Edinburgh.
I have already devoted some time to a perusal of the *CENTURY DICTIONARY*, particularly with regard to its scientific and practical definitions of subjects appertaining to Civil and Mechanical Engineering. I am pleased to find full definitions of terms, sufficient to satisfy the most exacting Experts upon the particular subjects in question, and such as I have never found elsewhere in kindred publications.
The great charm of the work to me is the fact of being able to place the fullest confidence in its dicta, as absolute and beyond question, and its easy acquisition by the means you have provided demands that all professional men whose sayings and doings in any way become public should be in possession of such an indispensable addition to their technical library.
(Signed) W. R. HERRING,
May 22nd, 1899. Chief Engineer and Manager.

From a Railway Manager.

Great Eastern Railway, General Manager's Office
Liverpool Street Station, London.
I have received my copy of the *CENTURY DICTIONARY*, and regard it as a most valuable addition to anyone's library. I have had occasion more than once to refer to it, and each time have found with the greatest ease what I sought.
The particulars given regarding railways, their appliances, &c., are to me, as they will be, I am sure, to all railway men, most interesting.
The two copies which were ordered by my Directors—one for the Great Eastern Library at this station, and the other for the Great Eastern Mechanics' Institute, Stratford—are highly appreciated.
(Signed) [SIR] WM. BIRT.
May 24th, 1899.

From a Soldier.

Moncrieffe, Bridge of Earn, N.D.
The information afforded is most varied, and deals with words and terms which embrace, I am sure, all that are ever used in the English language.
The derivations are very learnedly worked out, and must have entailed an enormous amount of labour and the services of very eminent savants.
The paper and type are of the very best, and I am most particularly struck with the excellence and beauty of the innumerable illustrations.
(Signed) [SIR] ROBERT MONCRIEFFE.
May 24th, 1899.

From a Surveyor.

Pinner House, Pinner, Middlesex.
I am very much pleased with the *CENTURY DICTIONARY* you sent me, and, although I have only had it a short time, I have found it very useful as a book of reference in my professional work.
Its description of machinery and architecture is most explicit; and I should have no hesitation in recommending it to anyone I know desirous of purchasing a comprehensive work of this kind.
(Signed) C. A. WOODERIDGE.
May 24th, 1899.

SPECIMEN PAGES.—A richly illustrated pamphlet containing specimen pages from *THE CENTURY DICTIONARY* may be had gratis and post free, upon application to the Manager of *THE TIMES*. This pamphlet also contains extracts from a number of newspapers, and from these the reader may see for himself how hearty and how general has been the enthusiasm with which the production of this marvellous work was received by the Press.

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this the author states that the principal criticisms upon the accuracy of his presentation of the great Admiral's character have been respecting Nelson's action towards the Neapolitan Republicans in 1799 and the affection he entertained towards his wife. As regards the first Captain Mahan impartially reviews the whole matter and sums up in favour of Nelson. He considers Caracciolo deserved his fate, while condemning the hasty trial and short interval between verdict and execution. As regards the relations between the Admiral and Lady Nelson, they were already well known previous to this volume, and no fresh light is thrown on the subject. It may be that the connexion between Nelson and Lady Hamilton has been so much before the public of recent years as to almost produce a desire that it should in future be given less prominence in narrating the services of our greatest Admiral. It is possible to exaggerate the influence this extraordinary woman exercised even upon the career of Nelson, and if a blemish can be noted in what is doubtless the best biography of him yet written, we should be inclined to point to this in the present work.

"Executors and Administrators: How to Prove a Will." By G. F. Emery. London: Effingham Wilson. 1899.

The powers and duties of executors and administrators require a good deal of intelligence to comprehend, and beyond that a great deal of trouble to put them into operation, especially if it is desired to dispense with the aid and bill of costs of a solicitor. It is a very natural desire, but we doubt the real economy of it in most cases. In matters of the very simplest kind it is possible, with a certain amount of personal trouble and the assistance of the Revenue authorities, to do what is necessary. More than that we do not think can be said; but from another point of view Mr. Emery's little book fulfils a very useful function. It enables the lay person of intelligence to understand more clearly than he otherwise would do his position as executor or administrator, and it is a first-rate lesson book upon the action of the State in enforcing its demands on the property of its deceased citizens in a variety of interesting and complicated devices.

"Bismarck: some secret pages of his history." By Dr. Moritz Busch. Condensed edition. London: Macmillan. 1899.

Messrs. Macmillan do well to issue this work at a price (10s.) within the reach of nearly all serious readers. To read properly such books as this, Mahan's "Nelson," and Bodley's "France," one needs to possess them; it is not enough to see them at a club or get them from a library. By such reissues publishers provide the very best antidote to the consumption of second-rate literature, and by second-rate we mean nothing so low as snippets, but just what we say, literature which is not first-rate.

"The Story of Old Fort London." By Charles Egbert Craddock. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1899.

Mr. Craddock, who has thrown the story of the famous siege and surrender of the fort into narrative form, writes with vigour and possesses a picturesque style. In his admiration of the heroism of the English defenders he does not omit to give the Cherokee Indians their due. The book is adapted for youthful reading.

"Thibaw's Queen," by H. Fielding (London: Harper), is an interesting narrative, which is not to be taken as serious history, based on the information gleaned from one of Queen Supayalat's maids of honour concerning the times which preceded the annexation of Thibaw's dominions.—"In Quaint East Anglia," by T. West Carnie (London: Greening), will be welcomed by those who have come under the spell of East Anglia, with which Mr. West Carnie is so intimately acquainted.—The reissue of "Præterita" (2 vols. London: George Allen) may be taken as proof that the delightful autobiographical notes of that "violent Tory of the old school," as John Ruskin calls himself, are still in demand.—"Cricket Records, with a Commentary," by A. C. Coxhead (London: Lawrence and Bullen) will be useful to all who are anxious to keep in touch with the principal statistics of the game.—"The Trail of the Gold Seekers" (New York: The Macmillan Company) by Hamlin Garland is a record of travel partly in prose and partly in verse.

For This Week's Books see page 28.

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RAND MINES, LIMITED.

A cablegram has just been received from the Head Office in Johannesburg to the following effect:—

A Special Meeting of Shareholders will be held on 17th August to consider the advisability of purchasing the Founders' lien on the profits of the Company, in accordance with the terms of the written offer to be found on page 43 of the Annual Report to 31st December, 1898. It is proposed to issue 110,000 shares of the nominal value of £1 each in exchange for the Founders' interests, and, consequently, to increase the Capital of the Company to £490,000 by the creation of 90,000 shares of £1 each. Of these, 88,089, together with 21,914 of the shares already held in reserve, will be issued for the purpose mentioned. The balance of the new shares, 1,011, will be added to reserve, and the required 40,000 shares will be maintained for Working Capital, according to the Articles of Association.

A Second Meeting will be held on 24th August to consider the conversion of the present £1 shares each into four shares of the nominal value of 5s., and to amend the Articles of Association of the Company as may be necessary for this purpose. It is proposed to further amend the Articles of Association to conform with the altered conditions existing, if the Founders' lien on the profits is acquired, and, further, to fully revise the Articles.

Full particulars are being sent by mail, and, as soon as they are received, notices will be duly issued to Shareholders.

By Order,

A. MOIR, London Secretary.
London Office: 120 Bishopsgate Street Within, E.C.
19th June, 1899.

The written offer referred to above is as follows:—

THE PROPRIETORS' RESERVE LIMITED,

14 GEORGE STREET, MANSION HOUSE, LONDON, 24th February, 1899

The Chairman and Directors, RAND MINES, LIMITED, JOHANNESBURG, S.A.R.

DEAR SIR,—

We are informed that proposals will be submitted to your Board contemplating a splitting of your present shares into smaller denominations, which, if accepted, will involve a reconstruction of the Capital of the Company. It may be asked on that occasion on what terms the holders of the Founders' lien would be willing to exchange their interest against ordinary shares, and my Directors think it right to put their views before you. I may say that this Company (an English Company, registered on the 4th January, 1897) own the whole Founders' interest, and its position is as follows:—

The Memorandum of Agreement of the Rand Mines, dated 17th February, 1893, page 43, sub. "d," states that the Founders are entitled to one-fourth of any distribution of the assets by way of dividends, or otherwise, after the original Capital has been returned to the Shareholders.

This Company is, therefore, entitled to one-fourth of the new capital, equal to one-third of the present capital, or any increases, and my Directors are prepared to settle on the basis of the present capital, foregoing their right to a participation in further increases, which is an important concession.

They would also engage not to sell the shareholdings, say, for two years. On the other hand, these shares would be entitled to all the rights of the ordinary shares, &c., &c.

The SUBSCRIPTION LIST will be OPENED on MONDAY NEXT, the 3rd July, 1899, and will be CLOSED on or before TUESDAY, the 4th July, 1899, at 4 p.m.

IND, COOPE AND CO., LIMITED, ROMFORD AND BURTON-ON-TRENT.

(Incorporated under the Companies Acts, 1862 to 1883, whereby the liability of Shareholders is limited to the amount of their Shares.)

PRESENT ISSUED SHARE AND DEBENTURE CAPITAL.

SHARE CAPITAL.

£1,148,000, divided into 4,480 Ordinary Shares of £100 each, 50,000 Preference Shares of £10 each, and 20,000 Four and a Half per Cent. "B" Preference Shares of £10 each.

DEBENTURE CAPITAL.

£750,000 £4½ per Cent. Debenture Stock.
£500,000 £4 per Cent. "B" Mortgage Debenture Stock.

ISSUE OF A FURTHER

30,000 CUMULATIVE FOUR AND A HALF PER CENT. "B" PREFERENCE SHARES OF £10 each

(part of an Authorised Issue of £750,000 "B" Preference Shares), at the price of £10 15s. per Share.

Payable as follows:—

On Application	£1 0 0	per Share.
On Allotment	2 15 0	" (including premium).
On 31st August, 1899	3 0 0	"
On 30th November, 1899	4 0 0	"
	£10 15 0	

The holders of the "B" Preference Shares are entitled to a Cumulative Preferential Dividend at the rate of 4½ per cent. per annum, and will rank both as regards Capital and Dividend immediately after the original £500,000 Preference Shares.

The dividends will be payable on the 5th April and 5th October in each year, the first dividend being calculated from the dates fixed for payment of the instalments of the Capital.

The "B" Preference Shares already issued are officially quoted on the London Stock Exchange, and an application will be made in due course for a special settlement and quotation for the Shares now being issued.

Payment in full may be made on allotment, interest on prepayment being allowed at the rate of 2½ per cent. per annum.

PROSPECTUS.

The old-established Brewery Business of Ind, Coope and Co., at Romford and Burton-on-Trent, was converted into a Limited Company in the year 1886, when the whole of the issued Ordinary Shares and more than half of the Six per Cent. Preference Shares were taken, and are still held by the Directors of the Company and their families.

The total assets of the Company (as shown by the last balance sheet certified by the Auditors) were on the 8th April, 1899, of the value of £3,967,343 2s. 11d. (an increase of £701,402 since 2nd October, 1897).

The total of the Debentures and Preference Shares which will be outstanding, including the present issue, will amount to £2,250,000, whilst (apart from the large working capital and loans made by the business) the Breweries, Freehold and Leasehold Public-houses, Dwelling-houses, &c., and plant stood in the books on the 8th April, 1899, as of the value of £2,079,893. To this must be added the proceeds of the present issue.

The business of the Company is steadily increasing, as is shown by the following:—

For the year ending October 5th, 1895, the total sales amounted to ... £821,835

For the year ending October 3rd, 1896, the total sales amounted to ... £952,914

(Showing an increase over the preceding year of £131,079.)

For the year ending October 7th, 1897, the total sales amounted to ... £1,091,905

(Showing an increase over the preceding year of £138,991.)

For the year ending October 8th, 1898, the total sales amounted to ... £1,262,012

(Showing an increase over the preceding year of £170,107.)

And for the six months ending April 8th, 1899, the total sales had increased by the sum of £73,049, as compared with the same period ending April 2nd, 1898.

The present issue is made for the purpose of paying for certain properties recently purchased and for the further extension of the Company's business.

A contract in respect to this issue has been entered into between the Company and Messrs. Bellamy and Isaac, dated 16th June, 1899. There are also very numerous trading Contracts and arrangements in connection with the business, some of which may technically be contracts within the meaning of the 38th Section of the Companies Act, 1867. Applicants for shares will be deemed to have had notice of such Contracts, and to have agreed with the Company as Trustees for the Directors and other persons liable to waive any claim they may have against them for not more fully complying with the requirements of the said Section, and subscriptions will only be received and allotments made on that basis.

Prints of the Memorandum and Articles of Association of the Company, and Copies of the Resolutions creating the "B" Preference Shares, may be inspected by intending subscribers for Shares at the Offices of the Company and of the Solicitors.

If an allotment is not made to any applicant the deposit will be returned in full, and if an allotment is made of less than the amount applied for the balance of the application money will be appropriated towards the sum due on allotment.

Failure to pay any instalment on the due date will render all previous payments liable to forfeiture.

Applications should be sent to the Bankers, Messrs. Barclay and Co. (Limited), 54 Lombard Street, E.C., with cheque for application money; and Forms of Application may be obtained of the Company or of the Bankers or the Brokers, and of Messrs. Bellamy and Isaac, Finsbury House, Blomfield Street, E.C. 26th June, 1899.

The following is a list of the Directors and Officials of the Company:—

DIRECTORS.

EDWARD THOMAS MASHITER, Esq., Chairman.
EDWARD MURRAY IND, Esq., Vice-Chairman.
EDWARD JESSER COOPE, Esq.
CHARLES WILLIAM MATTHEWS, Esq.
ALGERNON LEVESON ELWES, Esq.
ARCHIBALD WEYLAND RUGGLES-BRISE, Esq.
GEORGE LITTEL BLACKHALL, Esq.
CHARLES HOWARD TRIPP, Esq.

BANKERS.

MESSRS. BARCLAY AND COMPANY, LIMITED, 54 Lombard Street, London.
THE LONDON AND COUNTY BANKING COMPANY, LIMITED, Romford.
LLOYDS BANK, LIMITED, Burton-on-Trent.

BROKERS.

MESSRS. FENN AND CROSTHWAIT, 44 Coleman Street, E.C.
MESSRS. HOPE, DODGSON AND NEWBURY, 26 Royal Exchange, E.C.

SOLICITORS.

MESSRS. DAWES AND SONS, 9 Angel Court, London, E.C.

AUDITORS.

MESSRS. CHATTERIS, NICHOLS AND CO., 1 Queen Victoria Street, London, E.C.

SECRETARY AND REGISTERED OFFICES.

H. W. SMITH, Esq., The Brewery, Romford, Essex

THE VAN RYN GOLD MINES ESTATE,

LIMITED.

CAPITAL - - - - £400,000.

DIRECTORS.

F. A. GILLAM, Chairman.

GEORGE ALBU.
LEOPOLD ALBU.
L. B. BURNS.

HENRY PASTEUR.
JOHN SEEAR.
J. H. VAN RYN.

SECRETARY.

STUART JAMES HOGG.

HEAD OFFICE.

18 ST. SWITHIN'S LANE, LONDON, E.C.

PARIS OFFICE.

THE OCEANA CONSOLIDATED COMPANY, LIMITED, 19 RUE LAFAYETTE.

LOCAL COMMITTEE IN SOUTH AFRICA.

GEO. ALBU. XAVIER HOFFER. L. BLUM.

MANAGING DIRECTOR.

GEO. ALBU.

LOCAL SECRETARIES.

THE OCEANA CONSOLIDATED COMPANY, LIMITED, NORWICH UNION BUILDINGS, JOHANNESBURG, S.A.R.

GENERAL MANAGER.

E. WENZ.

REPORT FOR THE MONTH OF APRIL, 1899.

MINE.

Number of feet driven, sunk, and risen	1,955 feet.
Quartz Mined	15,395 tons.
Less Waste Rock discarded	3,728 "
Quartz sent to Mill and Crushed	11,667 tons.

MILL.

Number of days working (80 stamps)	28'9 days.
Ore crushed	11,667 tons.
Yield in Smelted Gold	3,645'90 ozs.
Yield per ton	6'249 dwts.

CYANIDE WORKS.

Tailings Treated	7,560 tons.
Yield in Bullion at 60s. per oz.	1,304'50 ozs.
Yield per ton treated	3'451 dwts.
Yield per ton (on basis of tonnage Milled)	2'236 dwts.
Working Cost per ton Treated	2s. 9'81d.

EXPENDITURE AND REVENUE.

On basis of tonnage Milled—11,667 tons.

WORKING EXPENDITURE.

	Working Cost.	Cost per ton.
	£ s. d.	£ s. d.
Mining	3,928 3 7	6 8'806
Milling	1,835 18 1	3 1'766
Maintenance	1,065 17 2	1 10'337
General Charges (Mine)	971 3 0	1 7'977
Mine Development Redemption	2,333 3 0	4 0'000
Cyaniding	1,005 3 8	1 9'912
Fixed Charges (including Licenses, Insurances, &c.)	600 0 0	1 0'342
	11,810 13 6	20 3'140
Profit for Month	6,267 4 11	10 8'923
	£18,086 18 5	31 0'063

REVENUE.

	Value.	Value per ton.
	£ s. d.	£ s. d.
Gold from Mill, 3,645'90 ozs. at 73s. 0'8d. per oz.	23,320 4 5	22 10'009
Gold from Cyaniding, 1,304'50 ozs., at 60s. per oz.	4,591 14 0	7 10'455
Sundry Revenue	175 0 0	0 3'599
	£18,086 18 5	31 0'063

EXPENDITURE ON CAPITAL ACCOUNT.

	£ s. d.
Machinery and Plant	7,873 9 7
Permanent Works	2,591 8 5
Mine Development	6,196 1 3
Reservoirs and Dams	1,218 0 7
Buildings	953 7 6
Cyanide Works (Estate)	2,086 7 6
	20,918 15 2
Less Mine Development Redemption	3,333 8 0
Total	£18,585 7 2

(Signed) GEORGE ALBU,

JOHANNESBURG, 5th June, 1899.

Managing Director.

THE NEW AFRICAN COMPANY, LIMITED.

DIRECTORS.

SIR CHARLES EVAN-SMITH, K.C.B., C.S.I., &c.
BARON LOUIS DE STEIGER.
BARON ALBERT DE DIETRICH.
MAX LYON.
ALBERT L. OCHS.

GENERAL STAFF.

Johannesburg. | **Paris.**
XAVIER HOFFER, Agent. | J. BLUM, Paris Secretary.

London.
THOMAS F. DALGLISH, Secretary.

JOHANNESBURG OFFICE. | **PARIS OFFICE.**
NORWICH UNION BUILDINGS. | 50 BOULEVARD HAUSSMANN.

REGISTERED AND HEAD OFFICE.

34 CLEMENT'S LANE, LOMBARD STREET, LONDON, E.C.

REPORT OF THE DIRECTORS

To be submitted to the FIFTH ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING to be held on the 28th day of June, 1899.

The Directors have the pleasure to place before the Shareholders the Balance Sheet and Profit and Loss Account for the financial year ending 31st December, 1898, and also, for the information of the Shareholders, to append similar statements made up to the 30th April, 1899. It will be seen from both Balance Sheets that the financial position of the Company remains strong and satisfactory; large profits available for dividends have been realised, out of which it is proposed to divide amongst the Shareholders 10s. per share, representing 5 per cent. as a final dividend for 1898 (making, with the Interim Dividend paid in January, 15 per cent. for that year), and 45 per cent. as an interim dividend for 1899.

The Board have continued to further the Company's business in South Africa, and are pleased to record the constant and favourable developments of the concerns and districts in which they are directly and indirectly interested. The Company's large holding in the Van Ryn Estates has considerably increased in value during the past year. That Company has now reached the dividend-paying stage, and large and increasing profits are now being declared each month.

With regard to the Oceana Company, in which the Company still holds a considerable interest, the Directors can only confirm their anticipations expressed to the Shareholders last year as to the gradually improving condition of this Company's many interests in all parts of South and Central Africa.

Following the policy indicated in their report last year, the Directors have, however, also continued to investigate proposals for investment in other quarters than South Africa, pending the adjustment of political questions in the Transvaal.

Experts have, during the year, been sent to various countries to examine numerous proposals that have been laid before the Directors, and as a consequence of their reports, the New African Company have acquired, with a Paris financial group, an interest in the Aconagua copper deposits in Chili, which have been well reported upon by Mr. DE LA BOUGLISE, the well-known expert, and the Société des Mines de Cuivre de Catemou has been formed for the purpose of working these mines.

The Directors also lay special weight on their having been able to initiate and to participate in the acquisition of a large metalliferous property in northern Africa. The property seems to be of a remarkably valuable nature, and to promise a large annual return. A company is now being formed for the purpose of taking over the whole of this business, in which special advantages have been reserved for the New African Company.

In consequence of the offers made to the Board during the past years, to take part in the development of Egypt, it was decided to send out representatives to Cairo, in conjunction with Messrs. OCHS BROTHERS, and as the result of the reports to hand during the past few months, it is not unlikely that the New African Company may associate itself with the foundation of a special financial company for Egypt, to work on similar lines to those upon which the New African Company itself has operated in South Africa; for this purpose negotiations have been carried on at Cairo in order to secure in that quarter the best and most influential connections.

In Abyssinia, as intimated last year, the Board, in conjunction with the group engaged in the construction of the railway from Djibouti, are watching the course of events and believe that suitable opportunities for investment will be found in that country as soon as this railway has connected the Coast of Somaliland with the interior.

Considerable sums of money can, in the opinion of the Board, be advantageously invested in these various businesses. As it is inexpedient to encroach upon the present cash resources of the Company, and—viewing their satisfactory and promising nature—to realise the Transvaal or other holdings at current prices, the Directors will, later on, in order to provide any funds required, offer a portion of the unissued shares, not exceeding 50,000, for subscription by the shareholders.

During the year Sir CHARLES EVAN-SMITH, K.C.B., was elected a Director of this Company.

According to the Articles of Association, Baron LOUIS DE STEIGER retires, but, being eligible, offers himself for re-election.

Messrs. COOPER BROTHERS & Co., the Auditors, who also retire, offer themselves for re-election.

By order of the Board,

THOMAS F. DALGLISH,
Secretary.

LONDON, 22nd June, 1899.

BALANCE SHEET, 30th April, 1899.

(JOHANNESBURG ACCOUNTS ARE INCLUDED TO 31st MARCH, 1899, ONLY.)

To Capital—	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.
Authorised:						
400,000 Shares of £1 each	400,000	0	0			
Issued:						
200,000 Shares of £1 each	200,000	0	0			
To Sundry Creditors	1,597	1	2			
To Unclaimed Dividends—						
Outstanding Dividend Warrants	587	16				
To Reserve against Eventual Liability	5,725	0	0			
To Profit Account subject to Realisation—						
72,075 Oceana Consolidated Shares at par	72,075	0	0			
To Profit and Loss Account—						
Balance as per last Account	47,303	4	8			
Less Interim Dividend of 10 per cent. paid	20,000	0	0			
20th January, 1899	27,303	4	8			
Add Balance as per Profit and Loss Account, subject to Directors' remuneration	158,118	5	11			
To Contingent Liabilities on Securities held	193,421	10	7			
	£483,506	8	3			

Cr.	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.
By Cash—						
At Bankers and in hand:						
London	77,935	4	9			
Paris	1,803	1	3			
Johannesburg	3,279	7	11			
Lisbon	161	9	5			
By Investments and Loans—				83,179	3	4
Foreign Government Securities, Debentures, Bank and Railway Shares	53,493	16	11			
Short Loans on Stock Exchange Securities	89,265	5	7			
Loans secured by shares	3,658	17	0			
By Debtors				146,417	19	6
				3,124	10	8
By Mining Shares and Participations—				232,721	13	6
Copper Shares	4,763	15	0			
Marketable Gold and Land Shares	135,813	15	5			
Miscellaneous and Syndicate Participations	14,124	4	4			
By Oceana Consolidated Company Shares—				155,706	14	9
72,075 Shares at par being unrealised Profit, per contra	72,075	0	0			
By Johannesburg Dwelling House	3,000	0	0			
By Office Furniture Account—						
London, Paris, and Johannesburg	3	0	0			
	£483,506	8	3			

Profit and Loss Account for the Four Months ending 30th April, 1899.

Dr.	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.
To Salaries, Offices, and other Expenses—						
London	166	11	7			
Paris	416	2	3			
Johannesburg	521	3	3			
To Cablegrams, Travelling Expenses, Law Expenses, and Accountants' Fees				1,103	17	2
Balance carried to Balance Sheet—				86	16	2
Profit for the four months, subject to Directors' Remuneration	118,395	17	3			
Appreciation of Shares and Investments, per contra	37,722	8	8			
	156,118	5	11			
	£157,308	19	2			
Cr.						
By Interests and Dividends	2,716	2	11			
Realised Profit on Shares	116,838	2	5			
Sundries	32	5	2			
Amount added in respect of increased market price or estimated increased value of Shares and Investments	37,722	8	8			
	£157,308	19	2			

CHARLES EVAN-SMITH } Directors.
ALBERT L. OCHS
THOMAS F. DALGLISH, Secretary.

We have examined the above Balance Sheet, with the Accounts and Vouchers in London and the Accounts received from Paris and Johannesburg, and find the same correct. The profit of £183,421 10s. 7d. is subject to the realisation of £18,199 11s. 11d. and £37,722 8s. 8d. credited to Profit and Loss at 31st December, 1898 and 30th April, 1899 respectively for Appreciation of Shares and Investments.

COOPER BROTHERS & Co. } Auditors.
Chartered Accountants

London, 22nd June, 1899.

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